

The Academy and Literature

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Notes

IT is with great pleasure I make the announcement that arrangements have been made with Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) to write for THE ACADEMY a series of articles on "The Modern Stage," the first of which will appear in an early issue.

THE award of over six and a half millions recently made by the Metropolitan Water Board in settlement of the New River Company's claim, recalls to mind the fact that this famous aqueduct is not without its literary associations. It was into the midst of this stream that Charles Lamb's friend, George Dyer, deliberately walked "with staff in hand and at noonday," and to which the following reference is made in the ever-delightful Essays:

"Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever! Your salubrious streams to this city would hardly have atoned for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit! Henceforth rank with canals and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this that, smit in boyhood with the exploration of that Abyssinian traveller, I paced the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters sparkling through green Hertfordshire?"

Nor far from the source of the New River at Chadwell Springs lived John Scott, the Quaker poet, and upon an island in the centre of the river's bed, just below the picturesque church of Amwell, may be seen the stone pedestal shown in the picture on page 583, upon which is the following tribute by the poet to this famous canal:

"Amwell! perpetual be thy stream,
Nor e'er thy spring be less,
Which thousands drink who never dream
Whence flows the boon they bless.

Too often thus ungrateful man
Blind and unconscious lives;
Enjoys kind heaven's indulgent plan,
Nor thinks of Him who gives."

Just too late to be included in our list of last week came Mr. Clement Shorter's answer that the two books which pleased and interested him most in 1904 were "Memoirs of the Martyr King," by Allan Fea, and "The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo"; while "Highways and Byways in Sussex," by E. V. Lucas, "The Purple Land," by W. H. Hudson, and "The Wayfarer" were Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll's favourites.

To turn from the moderns to the classics, there is an interesting article by Mr. E. V. Lucas in the current number of "The Cornhill Magazine" on Charles Lamb's unprinted commonplace books.

"Three of these now in the possession of Mr. Godfrey Locker Lampson at Rowfant are almost entirely given up to Elizabethan dramatic poetry, Elizabethan and



HURRELL FROUDE AS A CHILD

[Frontispiece to "Hurrell Froude" (Methuen)]

Stuart lyrical poetry and old ballads. A little of Lamb's own and some pieces of Cowper and Wordsworth are almost the only modern passages. Lamb's taste in Elizabethan literature is well illustrated elsewhere in his works, but it may be interesting to reproduce his choice of Scotch and other ballads: 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'Edward Edward,' 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'The Bonny Earl of Murray,' 'The Spanish Lady's Love,' 'Waly, Waly,' 'The Old and Young Courtier,' 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' 'The Jew's Daughter,' 'Sir Cauline,' 'Fair Helen of Kirkconnel,' 'Sir John Graeme,' 'Lady Anne Bothwell,' 'John Anderson, my Jo,' 'Oh, saw ye Bonnie Lesley,' 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

A propos of the large paper copy of Holcroft's "Travels," which is the best of the commonplace books, and of the contrast between Lamb and Southey, Mr. Lucas writes as follows:

"When compared with the commonplace book of Southey, for example, this book is slender indeed. Lamb had neither his friend's sense of order nor his passion for omniscience. Anything that was to be copied and preserved by Charles Lamb had first to charm and amuse him; to information, as such, he offered no harbourage. Lamb's contemporaries are not very fully represented, but Irving's dedication to Coleridge of 'Missionaries after the Apostolic School' is here, and here are Coleridge's 'Youth and Age,' his exemplification of the Ovidian elegiac metre, his 'Come hither, gently rowing,' the inscription on a timepiece ('Now it is gone'), 'The Old Man's Sigh,' and 'Khubla Khan.' Here are Hood's 'Death Bed'; Barry Cornwall's 'Sing, who Sings?'; a ballad by Dibdin, 'What if I'm Mad?'; Blake's 'Chimney Sweeper,' contributed by Lamb to James Montgomery's 'Chimney Sweepers' Friend,' 1824; and Shelley's lines to a reviewer—

'Alas! good friend, what profit do you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?'

and De Quincey's paper 'On the knocking at the gate in Macbeth,' from 'The London Magazine' of October, 1823, which Lamb told Julius Hare was better than any one else could write, except himself; the speaker adding, 'and I couldn't write anything better.'"

ANENT my remarks some weeks past on the feeble and niggardly manner in which our great poets and authors were commemorated, I am pleased to learn that there seems every prospect of Mr. Richard Badger's munificent offer toward a Shakespeare Memorial in London producing the desired results. The London County Council, on its side, has consented to provide an adequate site for the Memorial, while, as indication of the energy with which the scheme will be carried through, a series of semi-formal meetings of those interested in the project, held at His Majesty's Theatre, has resulted in the promulgation of the following programme:

"(1) The Memorial to be erected on some prominent site in London; the funds collected to be in the first instance devoted to the erection of some such monument in London as the Scott Memorial or the Albert Memorial; any sum over and above that required for the monument to be used for some object or objects tending to promote the study or appreciation of Shakespeare, to be determined by a General Memorial Committee. (2) The General Memorial Committee to consist of leading men and women of the day, belonging to all parts of the Empire; representatives of the American people; distinguished foreigners. (3) The 'Shakespeare Memorial Committee' to be formally constituted at a public meeting to be held in London some time in February. (4) A Shakespeare Commemoration to be held in all parts of the world during the 'Shakespeare week,' 1905 (April 23 to May 1), so that a concentrated effort may be made, in connection with the Commemoration, to collect the funds necessary for the Memorial."

As the whole scheme, at any rate financially, will depend chiefly on the Shakespeare commemoration of 1905 and on the response which the public make to the appeal, I trust that the Shakespeare week of 1905 will meet with the success which it will undoubtedly deserve. As regards London, Mr. Beerbohm Tree promises to devote to the fund part of the proceeds of the Shakespeare Festival,

which will be held at His Majesty's Theatre in April; and it is to be hoped that not only in London but throughout Great Britain and, in fact, the world, local committees will be established, supported by the press, theatrical managers, Shakespeare societies and other agencies. A provisional committee has been constituted to deal with all preliminary questions, under the chairmanship of Dr. Furnivall, consisting amongst others of His Excellency the American Ambassador, Mr. George Meredith, Lord Reay, Lord Avebury, Mr. W. L. Courtney, the President of Magdalen, Mr. Badger and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. All communications should be sent to the Secretary of the Memorial Committee (Professor Israel Gollancz), 32 George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

I HEAR that Messrs. Methuen are about to publish a posthumous book by Oscar Wilde which will deal with the psychological development of the author during his two years' incarceration in Reading gaol. "De Profundis" will have a special interest in that it was actually written within the prison walls. It should presumably contain some of its author's sincerest utterances. Yet throughout his life Wilde showed himself so consummate a poseur that I should not be surprised if even in this work he proves to have had his tongue in his cheek, exhibiting his own characteristic levity. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was written subsequently to Wilde's release from prison.

ADMIRERS of the late Lionel Johnson, a writer unfortunately but too little known outside his own especial circle, will be glad to hear that it is proposed to erect a Memorial to him in the cloisters of Winchester Cathedral, under the shadow of which he lived for so many years when a boy at the college.

I MUCH regret to have to announce the death of Miss Adeline Sergeant, who died at Bournemouth on December 5. She was born in 1851, and after having first adopted teaching as her profession, definitely took up literature and accepted a post on the staff of "The Dundee Advertiser," which she retained for three years. Her most important novel was "The Story of a Penitent Soul," published in 1892.

MR. PHILIP CARR announces that, owing to the success of Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Confederacy," at the Royalty Theatre, he has decided to give the play for an extra week, beginning Monday, December 12, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday. In addition to this Mr. Carr has decided, in answer to numerous requests, to revive "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," with Mrs. Theodore Wright once more as the Citizen's Wife; and performances of this delightful travesty will be given every evening from Boxing Day onwards. The afternoon of Christmas Eve, and daily during the holidays, will be occupied with the revival of the children's fairy play, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," written by Mr. Philip Carr and composed by Mr. C. W. Smith, which was produced with such success at the Court Theatre last Christmas. The support which has been given and promised to the Mermaid Society's revivals of tragedy as distinct from those of comedy has not been sufficient to justify the considerable expense which would be entailed in the mounting of "Bellafront," which it is hoped, however, will be given at a later date.

Bibliographical

IN his speech at the St. Andrews dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation the other day Lord Rosebery quoted a stanza which he considers "one of the most eloquent that has ever been written about the Scottish exile, and of which, strangely enough, we do not know the author." The stanza in question is the second of a "Canadian Boat Song," translated from the Gaelic by the Earl of Eglinton—presumably Hugh Montgomerie, the twelfth earl, who died in 1819—and described as having been "found among his papers," when published in "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine" for June 1849. The whole song is as follows, the two-line chorus being repeated after each verse:

"Listen to me, as when you heard our father
Sing, long ago, the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.

CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We never shall tread the fancy-haunted valley
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children should be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

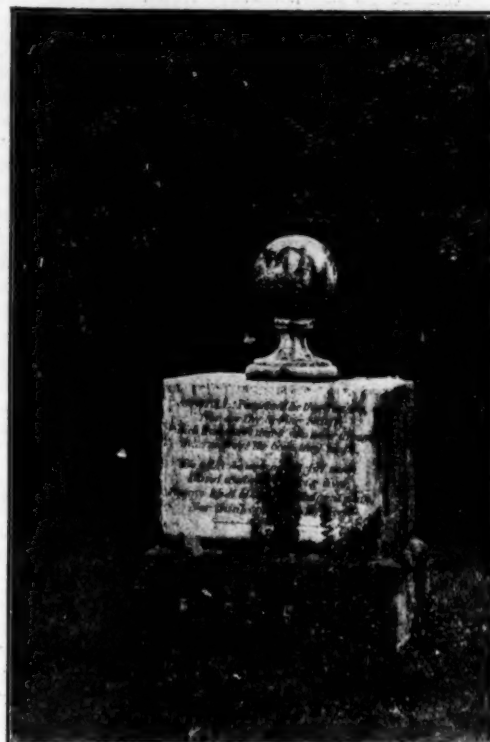
Come foreign raid! let discord burst in slaughter!
Oh, then, for clansmen true and stern claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar."

A reissue of William Morris' "The Earthly Paradise," in fourteen shilling parts, should be welcomed by those poetry-lovers who cannot afford the more expensive form and have but a qualified liking for the small-typed one-volume edition. The poem was originally published in four parts—forming three volumes—in 1868, 1869 and 1870. In 1872 it was issued in ten parts as a "popular edition," and was reissued several times. In 1886 came a new edition in five volumes, and in 1890 one in a single volume (Reeves & Turner). In 1896 Messrs. Longmans took over the publication of the poem and issued it in two forms—in a single volume, and in four volumes at seven shillings and sixpence each (reduced in 1900 to five shillings net). In 1896, too, began the Kelmascott Press edition of the poem.

By the way, it may be asked if we are not to have the stories written for inclusion in "The Earthly Paradise" but finally omitted by the poet? Ever since reading the biography of Morris, about five years ago, I have hoped that such a book of hitherto unpublished poems might be in preparation. In the biography Mr. Mackail said: "Besides the abandoned 'Aristomenes,' several other stories were written for 'The Earthly Paradise' which remain unpublished. Three at least of these are complete: two of them 'Orpheus and Eurydice' and 'St. Dorothea,' belong to the plan of contents at first drawn out. The third, 'The Wooing of

Swanhild,' though written, on the whole, in the earlier or romantic manner, may be inferred from its subject, which is one taken from the last chapters of the Volunga Saga, to belong to the later period of distinct Icelandic influence."

The first part of the catalogue of the books of the late Professor York Powell which has just been issued by



PEDESTAL IN CENTRE OF NEW RIVER AT AMWELL

Mr. B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, shows something of the great range of the lamented Professor's interests, and incidentally illustrates the low commercial value put upon "presentation copies" from contemporary authors. This first part of the catalogue includes upwards of thirteen hundred items and is particularly rich in works on folklore and in Shakespeareana. There must be a very large circle of those who knew and honoured York Powell who will be glad of the opportunity of obtaining these peculiarly intimate mementoes of a loved friend and honoured teacher.

Several newspapers have referred to some verses on "Memory," by Charlotte Brontë, the MS. of which is offered for sale by a bookseller, as if the piece were a new one. The lines are those beginning:

"When the dead in their cold graves are lying."

They were published in "The Cornhill Magazine" of February, 1893, and are included in the collected poems of the Brontës.

WALTER JERROLD.

JUST PUBLISHED.—In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d. net.
THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

Translated into English Verse by C. POTTER.

The *Aberdeen Press* says:—"We have here a translation of the 'Purgatorio' and the 'Paradiso' of Dante, together with a rendering into English of the two Cantos from the 'Inferno.' . . . This translation has led us to read again the great poem of Dante. It is a translation to be read with pleasure and profit. The verse in English has music and rhythm. It slides easily along, and it bears with it the meaning of the poet in such a measure that the English reader may readily grasp it."

The *Liverpool Courier* says:—"Mr. Potter's translation is well written and pleasant to read."

London: Digby, Long & Co., 18 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

Reviews

The Soul of Japan

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS attempt of the late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn proves to be by far the most important of his studies of Japanese life. His aim was "to suggest a general idea of the social history of Japan and a general idea of the nature of those forces which shaped and tempered the character of her people." The principal forces he held to be the Shintō religion, a pure form of ancestor-worship, the religion of the family or household, of the clan and of the nation, in the examination of which he reminds us of what is too often forgotten, that a Japanese does not sacrifice his life because he counts it of little value, but because he holds that he should give to his Emperor gladly everything that is his—even life.

To the student of sociology, more especially of the department of religion, this book makes fascinating reading. There are many alive who have studied in Japan modes of religious thought and practice analogous to those which died away in the West thousands of years ago; so that in the Far East we find a race with the minds and morals of yesterday in contact with the science and thought of to-day. In old Japan—in the Japan of sixty years ago—"ethics were not different from religion; religion was not different from government . . . to obey was piety; to disobey was impious; and the rule of obedience was enforced upon each individual by the will of the community to which he belonged." Never before or since was life so minutely organised or had each citizen less freedom; the nation was one gigantic compulsory co-operative society; competition between man and man was practically crushed out. To-day the race hovers "between the most despotic form of communism, founded upon the most ancient form of religion, and the most highly evolved form of industrial union, with unlimited individual right of competition." It remains to be seen whether a race of men trained under one régime for centuries can quickly adapt itself to other circumstances; at present we cannot tell whether the Japanese can work this wonder, for Japan, though outwardly democratic, is in reality nothing of the kind; if they cannot the nation must succumb to the races of the West who have been trained up in an atmosphere of competitive freedom. It is too often taken for granted that because Japan has accomplished so much she can achieve all. In such confidence, if it exists in the country itself, lies Japan's greatest danger.

Another point is that patriotism, in a European sense of the word, was not known, is not known in Japan. Under such conditions as prevailed before Meiji, and as still to a great extent hold good, "that larger loyalty which identifies itself with love of king and country . . . could not fully evolve." The present war may arouse it, and once aroused it may live; but such a growth will mean a severing of almost all bonds with the past, and the future will be awaited anxiously.

Mr. Hearn traces carefully, and sympathetically for the most part, the history of the nation's religious life—Shintoism, Buddhism, the influence of Confucius and of Christianity—up to the era of Meiji; but before the outcome of the revolution he stands doubtful, as must we all do. So far the national character has been changed but little; beneath the achievements of the last few decades lies the accumulated and ingrained

experiences of centuries—so long as these stand so long can Japan hope for a success; shatter them and chaos will come, out of which may emerge disaster.

"Some of us have wondered at times what the old Egyptians or the old Greeks would have done if suddenly brought into dangerous contact with a civilisation like our own—a civilisation of applied mathematics, with sciences and branch-sciences of which the mere names would fill a dictionary. I think that the history of modern Japan suggests very clearly what any wise people, with a civilisation based upon ancestor-worship, would have done. They would have speedily reconstructed their patriarchal society to meet the sudden peril; they would have adopted, with astonishing success, all the scientific machinery that they could use; they would have created a formidable army and a highly efficient navy; they would have sent their young aristocrats abroad to study alien convention, and to qualify for diplomatic duty; they would have established a new system of education, and obliged all their children to study many new things. But toward the higher emotional and intellectual life of that alien civilisation they would naturally exhibit indifference: its best literature, its philosophy, its broader forms of tolerant religion could make no profound appeal to their moral and social experience."

This quotation is lengthy, but useful both in its matter and in that it helps to an understanding of Mr. Hearn's views.

No one who wishes to understand the possibilities of the future of Japan can afford to neglect the past, and no one who would grasp the meaning of the past can afford to neglect Mr. Hearn's fine and thoughtful work.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

DAI NIPPON, THE BRITAIN OF THE EAST. A Study in National Evolution. By Henry Dyer. (Blackie. 12s. 6d.)

THE regeneration of Japan has been so rapid and complete that it naturally presents a never-failing object of interest to all those who make an intelligent study of history. To Mr. Dyer, who was a resident in the country during the crucial time when the revolution was planned and carried out, and who watched the Empire in the throes of its convulsion, the epoch offers an all-absorbing attraction. Fortunately for the reading public he is not only the possessor of a fund of facts on the subject, but he is also the master of a good literary style.

The old system of divided authority possessed by the Mikado and the Shōgun is now well known and understood, but the underlying causes which led to the restoration of the supreme power into the hands of the Mikado are not so well recognised. It so happened that the first revolutionary movements synchronised with the arrival of foreigners in the Empire, and the conclusion was at once arrived at that the two events were cause and effect. But Mr. Dyer believes, and rightly believes, that the true moving causes had become active before Commodore Perry arrived off the coast, or Lord Elgin had made his treaty. The minds of the people had been greatly stirred by Prince Mito's "History of Japan," in which great work the author proved to demonstration that the Shōgun was but a usurper and that all true power was vested by High Heaven in the Mikado. A revival of the Shintō faith strengthened the movement, which gathered force as subsequent events urged it forward, until the country as one man proclaimed the unity of the Empire under the supreme Sovereign.

Never in the history of the world has so complete and rapid a national revolution been consummated, and this is solely due to the character of the people, that character which enabled them to take a leading part in the cosmopolitan march on Peking, and has now put them into the position of a first-rate Power both in the field and in the council chamber. Mr. Dyer enlarges at length on the patriotism and loyalty of the nation. No obstacle is so great and no danger is too appalling to make the Japanese hesitate for a moment when the country demands that they shall overcome the one or face the other. When national interests are at stake every Japanese offers his life for his country's good and displays a patriotism which might remove mountains.

Mr. Dyer deals fully and in an interesting way with this and many other aspects of the national regeneration of Japan. The army and navy naturally come in for a large share of his attention. The advances they have made in recent years are prodigious. On the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese war the army numbered only 67,000 men and the navy was without a single line-of-battle ship. And now, after an interval of only ten years, Japan can put into the field an army of 500,000 men, and reckons on having 150,000 men with her banners in time of peace. As to her ships, the engagements they have fought are enough to testify to their efficiency. That the transformation should have been accomplished in so short a time is one of the marvels of the age.

The reforms in the system of education are little less surprising. Up to the time of the great change the education of the country was modelled strictly on Chinese lines. The dicta of Confucius governed the instruction that was given to every boy and many of the girls of the land. Their knowledge was thus limited to the narrow views of the sage. But the right material was there, and the subsequent establishment of public and private schools throughout the Empire is producing a crop of scholars of whom the nation may well be proud.

Mr. Dyer does not believe in the existence of a "yellow peril," and we entirely agree with him in his view that Japan "will continue her present policy, abstain from any attempt at territorial aggrandisement in Asia, and confine herself to commercial and industrial intercourse, and to guidance in the rejuvenescence of that vast continent."

We have not sufficient space at our disposal even to mention the many topics on which Mr. Dyer learnedly discourses, but we recommend every one who desires to gain a just view of the present position and future prospects of Japan to read his most instructive and interesting work.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA. By Frederick Palmer.
(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. PALMER has not lost time, nor have his publishers, for this narrative carries the story of the Japanese First Army down to the end of the battle of Liao-yang. It is an excellent and interesting record, with the vividness of the moment and the permanent charm of literature. The irksome Japanese restrictions on seeing the operations of war and telegraphing accounts may have pressed hardly on our correspondents; but certainly they have greatly improved the quality of the detailed descriptions when these did at length get through. The Japanese censor has turned our correspondents from

scribblers of telegrams into writers of letters, and though we know less about the fighting at the time, we shall afterwards have a number of very interesting and valuable books on the war.

The descriptions given by Mr. Palmer have the great merit of enabling one to see the places he describes, and even to hear the action; he seizes on the vital point of a scene and fastens it on the reader's memory. His description of the orchestral symphony of cannon raging round Liao-yang is very fine. Altogether Mr. Palmer's account of that battle makes many things clearer. The hopes of a second Sedan or Leipzig, entertained by many friends of the Japanese, were doomed to disappointment, firstly, because General Kuropatkin outnumbered his enemy, besides having entrenched his position, and secondly, because he had thrown five bridges over the Tai-tse river. The Allies at Leipzig were five to three in numbers, and, but for Napoleon's incredible blunder in omitting to build bridges over the Elster, the victory would have been no more decisive than Liao-yang. Had not the Japanese soldiers been able to outfight the Russians, General Kuroki's flanking force would have been marching to certain ruin. As it was, Kuropatkin had his opportunity; nearly all his army was within reach of one of the three Japanese armies, and no help could come to Kuroki; yet the Russians were too exhausted to take their chance.

Some of the most vivid descriptions Mr. Palmer gives are of the fights in the Motien-ling Pass, where the Russians attacked. The story of these does not give much hope for the Muscovite plan of eventually driving the little "Makaki" into the sea by sheer numbers. The tale of the first and minor attack reads like a few pages out of Kinglake's volume on Inkerman. The heavy, unwieldy columns, spreading out into a shapeless swarm of big, slow men in long overcoats and high boots, met by a thin line of resolute fighters with bullet and bayonet, and finally rolling off discomfited before a fourth of their numbers—all this we have read before; only the Japanese fought a scientific Inkerman.

Carping critics have recently been attacking the Japanese generals for not winning crushing victories over the Russians. These writers forget that even Napoleon could only beat the Russians decisively when they practically put themselves into hopeless positions before the fight began, as at Austerlitz and Friedland. Liao-yang was better planned than Borodino, and the Russians have not yet been able to fight an Eylau. Nor is there any reason to suppose that they will do so. The Japanese generals may not have genius, but they all know their business; and their soldiers are probably the best in average quality that the world has seen. "If you want a Horatius at the bridge," says Mr. Palmer, "take the nearest sergeant."

The illustrations are from photographs taken on the spot, and give, like the rest of the book, a fine impression of reality.

ARTHUR ROPES.

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF OLD JAPAN. By Stewart Dick.
(Foulis. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the first volume of what promises to be an interesting series—"The World of Art." It is to be followed by "Celtic Art," "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt," and "Arts and Crafts of Mediaeval England." The author and editor is modest enough in his preface, for he states clearly that his little book is intended not for the collector or the connoisseur, but merely for those who require "an introduction to a field of art hitherto little explored, but which will well repay further

study." It is permissible politely to cavil at this somewhat didactic statement, or rather to that portion of it which refers to the field having been little explored. Surely the books on the arts and crafts of Japan, in English, French and German, published during the past two or three decades must be numbered by the hundred. In fact, few fields have been more thoroughly exploited by experts, amateurs, and ignoramuses. Mr. Dick belongs to none of these classes; he is rather a conscientious compiler, a careful and accurate bibliographer. His information is ample, correct, and simply told in straightforward language. He tells us nothing new, but he puts together a plain, unvarnished tale, full of useful information, to which chapter and verse could easily be assigned. His remarks on the grammar of Japanese flower arrangement are good enough on the whole, but in the main merely a condensation of the Conder book on the subject. The many illustrations are excellent, that of the Tsubas and the group of Inro particularly so; the examples of Netsukes might easily have been bettered; the British Museum specimens are not nearly as good as those in several private collections, both here and in Paris. Mr. Dick, in common with many others who ought to know better, is enthusiastic about the South Kensington Museum Miochu's Eagle, which is really a much overrated work, at least from a Japanese point of view. The book as a whole is charmingly gotten up, and no student of Japanese art can afford to do without it; but it sadly lacks an index.

Edward Burne-Jones

MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES. By G. B.-J.
2 vols. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)

FOR several years we have waited for the completion of this book, and at last it lies before us. It is a beautiful book. Admirably written and compiled with skill, it presents without affectation a perfect picture of one of the most fascinating personalities of his time, a personality of equal charm and nobility; so we lay it down with genuine gratitude to the lady who has contributed so ably and exquisitely painted a portrait to the gallery of modern biography. Literary portraiture is seldom well done at the hands of female writers; a biography by a widow hardly ever. This book is an exception, partly because there were no shadows to Burne-Jones' brilliant character that a wife might seek to hide, partly because the honest candour of the writer makes us feel that even if there were she would not make the attempt. Here is Burne-Jones set before us as he was known to his intimates, more completely revealed, of course, than would be possible to any other biographer. Of criticism there is little or none; that is left to the critics, of whom Burne-Jones took so little store. But the facts of his life are set out in welcome fulness—his conversations and his letters, his travels and his sojournings, his efforts, disappointments, and triumphs. His friendships were not few, and they were deep, and deep were the friendships he inspired. How gentle is the spirit breathing out of Rossetti's letter to him when he was lying ill, recuperating nevertheless, at the house of the hospitable Prinsep!—

"To think of you suffering so much and in such an unaccountable way! Of course I shall come to-morrow as early as I can—would come to-night also, if possible, but fear I cannot manage that. I know how much better cared for you are at Kensington than elsewhere, but still cannot help fearing that the air may have to do with your illness, as I know it is far from agreeing with every one. You really must try something else immediately, if you are not better in a few days—much as you will

lose by sacrificing Mrs. Prinsep's care. There is nothing in the world I care for more than your health, dear old fellow—hardly anything so much. I know I must be fonder of you than you can possibly be of me—at any rate, there is no man I love so well by half or who loves me so well."

William Morris, Ruskin, Leighton, du Maurier, too, and others, would write not less affectionately, for Burne-Jones' nature invited and compelled the warmest friendship; and even the stranger for whom he might feel a ready sympathy, on receiving the kindly pressure of his hand and on meeting the sweet, strong gaze of his laughing blue eyes, was captured at once, and recognised—what Lady Burne-Jones delightfully proves—that here was a man gentle and kind, yet of indomitable strength of will, and remarkably wide-awake for all his life-dreams and visions of beauty and romance. A sweet and deeply religious nature his; yet ready to burn furiously with the fire of indignation—for, as he once told me when speaking of his adhesion to the New Gallery in its opposition to the Grosvenor Gallery, he was "a natural rebel" violently opposed to all governments at the first sign of falling away. He was highly cultivated, too, and widely read, and had the faculty, as Dr. Johnson put it, of "seeing through" a thing. For example, in his talk on perfection in art and its value, wherein he discovered, unconsciously perhaps, the true defence of his own work, he draws a felicitous comparison:

"Æschylus had his Sophocles, just as Michael Angelo had his Raphael. And in both cases cases the knowing ones think the 'perfect artist' the bigger of the two. But, of course, it is God that creates, and the more that man can create, the more God he has in him. That's the right way to measure Michael Angelo, and then you find he's immeasurable. You can tell how high Raphael is to an inch. . . . 'A mere difference of time and milieu'—see the Reviews, *passim*—the one manifesting his intellectual activity in Literature and the other in Art'—capital letters, of course, to mark the antithesis. What rot it all is! As if literature was not art. Why literature is only literature because it is art, and for no other reason. It is art that makes paintings pictures, and it is art that makes verses poems; literature cannot do it any more than painting can."

In his life, which was a constant struggle against ill-health, his art-work was as constant a struggle against himself, and he was the victor till the end. Yet strenuous, hard-working, and strong-willed as he was, a poet refined and delicate, he had humour, too, as every great artist must. Not only a humorist was he, but a caricaturist. The funniest of his drawings, I think, are not in this book, comic as are many of these sketches set in the text among the photogravures; but it is difficult not to laugh at these amusingly merciless reflections on his own person.

As a record of his career, and particularly of his social life, the book is complete. We have it all, from his childhood, schooldays, and Oxford life, to London work and on to his peaceful end. Burne-Jones the worker, the talker, the letter-writer—brilliant all three—lives in these pages, and his friendships with Tennyson and Ruskin, Allingham and George Eliot, with side-lights flashed on Carlyle and George Henry Lewes, are singularly pleasant reading. The excellent illustrations, including pictures, studies, and portraits of the painter and his friends, serve their purpose well, for the volumes, leaving to others Burne-Jones the artist, concern themselves with Burne-Jones the man.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

A Scholarly Hotch-Potch

STUDIES IN RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By W. S. Lilly.
(Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

IN the present collection of essays we find much more to interest us than in its immediate predecessor "Christianity and Modern Civilisation," a miscellany of essays ludicrously overweighted by their title. Mr. Lilly is indisputably a scholar, acquainted with the greatest in European literature of all times, and able to use his knowledge with ease and appositeness.

Our chief interest in Mr. Lilly has regard to the degree of impartiality to which this representative Roman Catholic Englishman has attained. We have never been able quite definitely to decide this point: and the present volume may perhaps be cited in illustration of the difficulty. In the first essay Mr. Lilly seeks to show that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic at heart. Much honest research has gone to its writing, and we confess that Mr. Lilly's natural desire to prove his thesis has not led him into any arguments open to criticism, save that which sees in Shakespeare's recognition of law an adherence to the Thomist philosophy. Then, again, the second essay, "The Mission of Tennyson," reveals a whole-hearted admiration of the poet so admired by Huxley, which certainly proves Mr. Lilly's mind to have no small tincture of impartiality: whilst his deep appreciation of Wordsworth and of Schopenhauer tells in the same direction.

But there are many passages which tell in the opposite sense: some of them surely unworthy of a student whose reading has been so wide. The essay on the "Meaning of Tractarianism," like a recent essay in "The Fortnightly," is an illustration of Mr. Lilly's adoration of Cardinal Newman. Surely few readers of Mr. Lilly on this subject can fail to feel that, in different conditions of time and place, Mr. Lilly could not have written as he does. He is hardly to be accepted as an impartial judge of that great reactionary.

But the excuse of personal affection cannot be pled in other instances. The suggestion, for instance, that Isabella's non-compliance, in "Measure for Measure," with Angelo's desire, "stands condemned by the Spencerian rule of right and wrong," is so astoundingly wrong that one almost forgets to laugh at the description of the "Principles of Ethics" as a "system of Protestant morals." Nothing but bias, again, can explain the description of Huxley as "amazingly confused and incoherent" in discussing purely philosophical questions. The present writer heartily dissents from Huxley's philosophical position, but at the assertion that Darwin's "agent for the propagation of damnable heresies" was ever "incoherent," on any subject he touched, he can only stare dumbfounded. The following charming quotation speaks for itself: "That repulsive amalgam of prudery and profligacy exhibited, from time to time, by chosen vessels of what is now called 'the Nonconformist conscience.'"

It is really necessary to enter a protest against Mr. Lilly's treatment of inverted commas. In the first place, he is constantly guilty of using them to include inexact quotations: one glaring instance being in the case of a passage from "Tintern Abbey." When one knows the original and can recognise the distortion, no harm is done: but the frequent detection of such instances leads to a distrust of all Mr. Lilly's quotations; and that is a pity. The contrary error, though much less important, is also to be regretted. Mr. Lilly has a way of quoting Cardinal Newman without using quota-

tion marks. The reader whose memory is unsure or who has not read the "Essay on Development" is apt to credit Mr. Lilly with such epigrams as "to live is to change": whereas a footnote indicating its source would add to his interest. One superb passage, luminous and majestic, we remember marking and copying out from an essay of Mr. Lilly's, appending his name thereto: afterwards to discover what would have been self-evident to a student of that master of English prose—that the passage was Newman's. C. W. SALEEBY.

A Lost Pleiad

HURRELL FROUDE: MEMORANDA AND COMMENTS. By Louise Imogen Guiney. With Seven Illustrations. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE phrase which we have chosen to head this notice is Miss Guiney's, and indicates the spirit of hero-worship in which she approaches her subject. This American lady, who has made Oxford her home, has hopelessly succumbed to its spirit of place; and that for her has particularly enshrined itself in the brilliant personality of the pupil of Keble, the Fellow of Oriel, who was "the soul of Newman."

Hurrell Froude's letters have, of course, for a long time been before the world. Students of the Oxford Movement, friendly or other, are familiar with their characteristics—their idealism, their lofty impatience, their endearing rashness. His life of rigorous striving has been given us in the form in which, day by day, he frankly chronicled it; and the friends who lived to carry into conclusive action the thoughts that he conceived have lived their lives, are niched in their fitting cells of memory, and have followed him beyond the veil. And now, in some sense, perhaps because so worthy beginnings are but beginnings still, he seems almost the most living of them all. For he is ever young. The world has moved far from the point at which it stood in the days when the Oriel common room furnished a setting for the sketch of Mozley, Newman and Froude himself reproduced in this volume; and a great deal of what was new and disputable when Hurrell said "Isaac, we must make a Row in the world" is become, whether for acceptance or rejection, commonplace and stale. Some in one direction, some in another, the members of two generations have gone their several ways. New and more fundamental difficulties engage the learned. Yet here are "remains" that exhale the air and build up again the environment of those romantic days.

Miss Guiney has been hampered by some difficulties in carrying out her labour of love, and in particular has occasion to regret that she has not had an opportunity of collating the letters with the carefully preserved originals. But we have to thank her for the successful pains that she has spent on filling in the names which had been merely indicated by arbitrary signs, as well as those which, in the "Remains," had been suppressed from consideration for living persons. In this she was aided by the pencil of an unknown annotator, whose volume she picked up on a second-hand bookstall. Perhaps this little treasure-trove was also the original source of her inspiration.

The first section of the book contains the letters; the second comprises a series of excerpts from appreciations by various more or less well-known pens. In this the editor claims that nothing in English "which has colour and individuality" has been altogether passed by. The frontispiece is an excellent reproduction of an unfinished portrait of Hurrell Froude as a child, which fully justifies the pains that have been lavished upon the difficult

business of conjectural completion. The volume is perfected by a singularly comprehensive index compiled by Miss M. H. James.

Father Ignatius

THE LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS, O.S.B., THE MONK OF LLANTHONY. By the Baroness de Bertouch. With Nine Illustrations. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Monk of Llanthony has been a familiar figure for the last forty years. He is an old man now, but it is not easy to realise the fact. For he does not change. In the early days of the Oxford Movement, with the encouragement of Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon, he definitely devoted himself to the resuscitation of monastic life in the Church of England. He took upon himself the vows, the obligations, and the costume of the Benedictine order; and in spite of ridicule, in spite even of hatred, on which he thrives, and in spite of conspicuous failure in the object of his endeavour, he is a monk—the most lonely of monks—still. Not that he is a lonely man—far from it. "I want crowds, crowds," he said when, as a child, he "played at church"; and of crowds he has always been the animated centre. His Church has known not what to do with him. He is thus another instance of the justice of Macaulay's sneer in his essay on Bunyan and of the bitter lament of Newman. A wise mother church might have made a great servant, an apostle, out of Mr. Leicester Lyne. As things were he has but won for his own strange personality a long series of barren triumphs. The Roman Catholic Church seems at one time to have made great efforts to capture him; and she would have known what to do with him; but he must first have been broken to the yoke, and already the fascination of victorious isolation had won too great a mastery. Father Ignatius has presumably taken a vow of holy obedience, but he has taken care never to be found in the position to pay it. Hence, so far as the outside observer may judge, the particular virtue of which obedience is the outward expression has remained always in abeyance; and hence the man himself has ever been that which he is now, an ecclesiastical free-lance in a fancy costume. Time and circumstances have hardened instead of modifying the peculiarities of his temperament. His splendid courage and devotion show in the narrative of this book in the hues of audacity and fanaticism. His influence over weaker spirits is manifested in something too like tyranny. His confidence in his own magnetic force has pushed him into a region that might easily be confused with megalomania.

If we have used some freedom in the dissection of a still living personality, that is because this book bravely challenges such treatment. The subject has placed at the disposition of the biographer his diaries, his memoranda, and his most intimate personal recollections. The biographer, on her part, in making the fullest use of this material, has been so informed with the spirit of her subject as to have produced a book that irresistibly suggests autobiography. Regarding the book in this light, we note that Father Ignatius does not mince matters in setting forth his claims to veneration. We do not, we confess, think that the Monk of Llanthony has raised the dead to life. But then we do not pretend to have examined the evidence that he profusely offers. We are content to assume, in regard to such occurrences, an attitude of bigoted incredulity. At the same time we think it extremely probable that by this time Mr. Lyne is fully convinced that this and suchlike marvels have been wrought by his hands. And that but makes him

the more interesting. His Life, at any rate, is one of the most fascinating of the memoirs we have read for some time. But its style, judged by the passages which are obviously Ignatian in origin, makes one realise that a great deal of oral eloquence would look rather banal and tawdry in print.

A HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA. By Henry Gyles Turner. (Longmans. 21s. 2 vols.)

IN slaying once more the myth that Botany Bay ever became a penal settlement Mr. Turner does an injustice to Captain Cook. In this way. The bold circumnavigator's words, as given in the Wharton edition of the famous "Journal," run thus: "May 6, 1770. The great quantity of plants Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander found in this place occasioned my giving it the name of Botany Bay." Yet our new historian calls the name a "fanciful" one! But where does fancy come in? All the old navigator's place-names are very expressive and are veritable landmarks in his voyages, and none is more so than the oft-quoted name which, owing to Governor Phillip's sagacity, has never been anything but a name. Mr. Turner does better in dissipating the myth that Batman and Fawcner were the original discoverers of the Yarra, on the banks of which the city of Melbourne stands to-day. The first white man to set foot on Victorian territory was the brave young surgeon, George Bass, who in his whaleboat pushed out of Port Jackson, and during the eighty-three days of his dashing and dangerous voyage discovered the strait which was named after him by Governor Hunter. This courageous exploit, said Captain Flinders, who verified the discovery, "has not perhaps its equal in the annals of maritime history." But it was reserved for Lieutenant Murray in the "Lady Nelson" to find the gap in the coast which led into the spacious sheet of water named afterwards Port Phillip, in honour of the commander of the First Fleet. On May 5, 1802, Murray was cruising off Port Phillip Heads, but alarmed at the presence of broken water, as indicating a reef, he despatched his launch in the charge of his chief officer, Mr. Bowen, who speedily reported his discovery of a good channel, a mile and a half wide, with from six to ten fathoms of water, opening into a magnificent harbour. "To this officer," says our historian, "whose name, strange to say, is almost unknown in our annals, and which should, at least have been associated with one of the prominent features of our maritime highway, belongs the honour of being the first white man to pass through Port Phillip Heads, the forerunner of those vast crowds that in after years poured through the gateway to the Golden Land, sometimes to the extent of thousands in a single day." It only remained for Murray to confirm his officer's discovery and record in his journal that on March 9, 1801, "The united colours of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland were hoisted, and the port taken possession of for His sacred Majesty George the Third." A year later Captain Matthew Flinders, coming direct from England in the "Investigator," and entering the Port Phillip Heads, made an independent discovery of the "vast piece of water," and having coasted round the shores in due course also reported the result to Governor King at Parramatta. This Governor speedily despatched Surveyor-General Grimes, whose party did for the land what Flinders had done for the coast, and whose detailed report—long pigeon-holed in Sydney—has put an end to the rival claims of Batman and Fawcner to be regarded as the original discoverers of the Yarra and site of the city which, with pardonable pride, Mr. Turner calls "the greatest city south of the line."

Victoria, like its sister States, has its romantic and fascinating beginnings, and Mr. Turner has done good service in setting these in the clear light of day. With a tremulous hand our author traces the attempt at making the new territory a penal settlement, and with unmistakable joy he records the collapse of the movement and its transference to Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania, and he reminds us that the name of the finest street in Melbourne—Collins Street—is fitly given in honour of the man who averted this awful calamity.

These volumes are admirably written, and their value much enhanced by the fine map and exhaustive index.

T. FLAVELL.

Poetry

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PEDAGOGUE AND POACHER. A drama. By Richard Garnett. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THESEUS, MEDEA, AND LYRICS. By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth. 1s. net.)

SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS. By John Todhunter. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

LYRICS OF JOY. By Frank Dempster Sherman. (Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.00 net.)

SWEETBRIAR, A PASTORAL WITH SONGS. By Dorothea Gore Browne. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

POEMS OF 1848 AND EARLIER DAYS. Translated by E. Robinson. (Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. net.)

If we are to take Richard Garnett as being Dr. Garnett (a point on which the title-page does not enlighten us), "William Shakespeare" will scarcely rank with his best and characteristic work. The temptation to revive the great poet in his habit as he may be conceived to have lived is a temptation which most writers must have felt—the exercise of fancy is so pleasurable. It is a temptation which writer after writer has yielded to, and few have emerged from the attempt with even tolerable credit. It is an *ignis fatuus*, leading to mild failure. All essays to reincarnate great writers are perilous, and this the most perilous, the most difficult of all. For we know really nothing of Shakespeare the man; and so the adventurer falls back upon Shakespeare the writer, endeavours to make him talk somewhat as he wrote—a hopeless task! Even the brilliantly deft author of "The New Republic" might quail before the impossibility. If your adventurer avoid this rock, he splits on another. He invariably idealises Shakespeare (we all do!), and the result is a waxwork figure, a thing for Madame Tussaud's. We are all too worshipping for a vital and thinkable reincarnating of Shakespeare. The one man who would have the necessary irreverence is Mr. G. B. Shaw; and he will surely do the thing one of these days, in an Unpleasant Play. It will not be Shakespeare, it will be G. B. S. in a ruff; but G. B. S. posing in a ruff for the bard will be immensely live and amusing. It will have at least one resemblance to Shakespeare; it will be a man. Now *this* William Shakespeare is not a man, even a youthful man; it is an amiable and high-minded abstraction. The author is too idealising, too reverent. For the rest, the drama is a little rustic comedy of the early Stratford Shakespeare, and Ann Hathaway, and Sir Thomas Lucy, and the deer-stealing tradition. The verse only partly echoes Shakespeare's writing; it is mostly independent. But Dr. Garnett (if Dr. Garnett it be) has written better and more *felt* poetry. There have been worse attempts, but the attempt was in itself foredoomed. The strongest must have failed.

Mr. Sturge Moore is emitting a bubble-succession of thin little paper-covered books of verse, all more or less

on the same outward and inward pattern; and this is the latest. But it is better than its immediate foregoers, which have not seemed to us worthy of Mr. Sturge Moore. The lyrics, indeed, are not more, to our mind, than good workmanship. The descriptive and more or less dramatic sketches (somewhat in the Browning fashion) though they occupy half the volume, are but two. But they are decidedly good. The "Medea," in particular, has the author's power of colour and graphic phrase in a marked degree, and a richness of fancy. That and "Theseus" are among Mr. Moore's good work, if not his best.

Mr. Todhunter's "Sounds and Sweet Airs" and Mr. Sherman's "Lyrics of Joy" are both craftsmanlike and accomplished work; and Mr. Todhunter's is not without substance. But it has no poem of the imaginative force which we have had from him before. Miss Gore Browne's "Sweetbriar" is an unpretending and simple-minded little pastoral drama, which does not demand strict criticism. Its best feature is an occasional direct descriptive truth; but the plot and characters are unaffectedly conventional.

Mr. Robinson's oddly-named "Poems of 1848" is a selection of original renderings from Victor Hugo, Heine, and other Continental poets of the Romantic period. The translations are sometimes good, sometimes middling, never (we think) striking; and it is not with Heine that he excels. Perhaps he does best with Hugo; but one would scarce gather from him Hugo's greatness. One version from Heine, by the way, is scarce more than a slight verbal modification of Longfellow's well-known translation from the same lyric. We cannot discern its independent value; the metrical movement and to a large extent the words are exactly the same.

Fiction

THE STORM OF LONDON. By F. Dickberry. (Long, 6s.) This novel gives the impression that it was written to effect a veritable storm of London by the audacity of its theme—the abolition of clothes—but the execution falls considerably below the conception. The thesis that clothes are in their essence purely a matter of convention is an indisputable philosophic truth, but in his development of the idea the author fails palpably, completely lacking that redeeming lightness of touch which can render piquant and interesting that which otherwise might tend to be a trifle tedious. The imagination reels at the thought of what might have been made of Mr. Dickberry's excellent idea, had it been the theme of a novel by a first-class French novelist, or, better still, the subject of a play by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The writer's satire, however, though heavy, is often vigorous, and the following extract from a speech by Lord Lionel Somerville, delivered to an unclothed but fashionable audience at the ex-Walton Club, deserves quotation: "Sargent is the satirist of a clothed society. His models would exist no longer were you to divest them of their meretricious furbelows; for their garments are the parts which help to form the aggregate of their psychology, and without their frills and trimmings they would merely be marionettes stuffed with sawdust and held together with screws." To examine the treatment of the subject more in detail, the most interesting phase of this new society, naked and unashamed, is the great difficulty of recognising the identities of the clotheless—a difficulty so great that a new class of professional guides has to come to the rescue. The book, however, suffers from a lack of any genuine human interest. Lord Somerville, the hero, and Lady Gwendolen Towerbridge, the heroine (what a name! even Towerhamlets would have been better) are but lay figures; more interesting is Dick Danford, the music-hall buffoon.

SALLY, A STUDY, AND OTHER TALES OF THE OUTSKIRTS. By Hugh Clifford. (Blackwood, 6s.) Mr. Clifford has revealed a rare enthusiasm—an enthusiasm for brown humanity. Perhaps he has a closer understanding of it than most people; and he certainly gains for his Malay princelet, Sally, a warm sympathy, if not the glad hand of welcome. One is forced to the conclusion that the twentieth-century civilisation, when applied to the nigger, is a somewhat costly and selfish experiment. For in what manner will the relatively high standard of morals and exalted code prove a blessing? Will it make the savage happier in his own home surroundings when he has finished his European trip and returned with the veneer of education? And, on the other hand, will those among whom he is being educated, and like whom he must strive to become—will they ever look upon him, however apt a pupil, otherwise than as a benighted nigger? Sally has to learn; to learn that he is not, and never can be, a white man; and yet he is educated out of the debased and debasing ideals of his forbears. In a word, he is out of conceit with himself as a nigger, and yet, even in his emancipated condition, he is secretly despised by the white man. Sally is but a study, full of pathos and meaning. The Malay princelet, Sally, comes to England to be educated; he is first torn by the roots from his native land. He is led on by fair promises to the belief that he can only be an Englishman minus an Englishman's privileges. He makes this depressing discovery just about the time when he wants to marry a pretty English girl whom he meets at a country house. There are other sketches in this volume; but this first one is far and away the best. Mr. Hugh Clifford has a kindly manner, an eye for dramatic effect, and a careful style, careful almost to the point of didactics.

AS DOWN OF THISTLE. By Arthur Wenlock. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d. net.) The author of this book knows his South Africa well, and writes with a certain blunt directness, even if he cannot boast of much literary style. Whether what he has to tell was worth the telling in print is a moot question. Without wishing to be quite so severe as the candid friend whose words Mr. Wenlock quotes in his introduction, we cannot honestly say that we value highly this effort of his pen. Though we do not think "it is all rot," we must agree that a great deal is trivial and not very relevant to the subject in hand. The final catastrophe is so horrid, is sprung on one so very unexpectedly, and is told with so little dignity that it does not reach as it might have done the level of tragedy. The loathsomeness of Bosman's revenge, as carried out by his wife, is the only thing that strikes us. The monstrous idea that the Boer woman could give her daughter's English lover—and an honourable lover, too—her own child's heart and blood to eat under the guise of food, would cause an ordinary reader to close the pages with feelings of disgust, if there were not an air of unreality about all this part of the book which leaves us unconvinced. There are some good sketches of life in the colony during the war, and some common-sense expositions of the colonial point of view. They redeem the book, more or less.

SPINDRIFT: A ROMANCE OF THE SEA. By Ella Fordyce. (Sonnenschein, 6s.) In "Spindrift" the author gives yet a fresh turn to the old theme of the *mésalliance*. The hero, Aubrey Deardon, who, with his small curled moustache, is, if anything, a trifle too like that fast disappearing individual, *le jeune premier*, carries away on his yacht, in the most approved romantic style, a beautiful fisher girl, Molly Hazelbrigg, marries her, and is subsequently drowned. That is the gist of the tale, but there is an abundance of by-play; in fact, the author is somewhat inclined to give us too much description of secondary and intrinsically unimportant characters. The best scenes in the book are those where Aubrey sprains his ankle on the cliff and has it bandaged by Molly, and where Molly is cut off by the tide. Altogether a pleasing, healthy book, though without any marked originality.

Short Notices

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. By James Grant Wilson. Two vols. (Smith, Elder, 18s. net.) A very miscellaneous budget of Thackerayana, good bad and indifferent, complicated by numerous repetitions. Two volumes which might easily and profitably have been compassed in one. The new material is scanty and of no great value; the old is for the most part easily available elsewhere. The worthiest portion of the work is the bibliography, by Frederick S. Dickson, which is painstaking, full and useful. We wish we could speak more highly of what has evidently been a labour of love.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Illustrated by William Hyde. (The Astolat Press, £3 3s.) The text is that of the Oxford edition, edited by Canon Beeching, and is admirably printed upon fine paper, with ample margins. The etchings, mezzotints and copper engravings by Mr. William Hyde vary greatly in value, the artist's figure drawing being but mediocre. In landscape, however, he gives us what we have learned to expect from him—work of distinction and often of power. The Astolat Press have sent forth the volume admirably gotten up and are to be heartily congratulated.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE EARTH. By G. A. B. Dewar. (Allen, 6s. net.) "The Glamour of the Earth" is delightfully set forth by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, and there is, in the writing about the swift's song, the lark's pæan, and the gnat's dance, a sheer admiration not only for nature, but for the joy of living that is exhilarating. But to depreciate, even ever so little, Shakespeare, Pheidias (rather pedantically so spelt) and Shelley seems to prove that the author is more in sympathy with one phase of life than with those products of the human brain which at least represent another phase capable of exercising an equal fascination. The point Mr. Dewar aims at, however, is sufficiently clear in spite of its somewhat inapt presentation, and it in no way detracts from the merit of a charming book.

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM. Edited by A. Cecil Carter. (Putnam, 9s. net.) This work consists of a series of short essays on the kingdom of Siam, which were written, as we are told in the preface, "by high officials in different departments of the Government service," and are issued, therefore, with a voucher for accuracy. They are concise and to the point, and are admirably adapted to the elucidation of the Siamese section of the St. Louis Exhibition, the purpose which they were intended to serve. The Government of the country, as is explained, is a modified autocracy, and is fast throwing off the old arbitrary methods which used to distinguish its administration. As in China, the whole of the land is theoretically the property of the Sovereign, but practically, in both countries, personal ownership exists. Like the Chinese Emperor also, the King of Siam is assisted in his executive duties by a Council of State, and the various departments are presided over by presidents and subordinate officials. The regeneration of Siam dates from the arrival in that country of Sir John Bowring (1855), who was sent by the British Government to conclude a treaty with that State. Since that time the country has advanced apace, and though it has not developed with such rapid strides as Japan, it yet has made good and substantial progress. Its army and navy have been transformed, and the liberty of the subject has gained more respect. The general appreciation of learning which is common in Eastern Asia distinguishes the Siamese also, and for centuries the Buddhist temples, like European monasteries, were seminaries of learning. The one disadvantage this system possessed was that, according to the custom of the country, girls were precluded from entering the temple schools. This evil has been remedied by the establishment of primary schools in which a four-years' course is given to scholars of both sexes. To show his interest in the advancement of learning, the King has lately established annually two travelling scholarships worth £300

a year for four years. The winners of these prizes are sent to Europe, and are permitted to take up any line of study which they choose. Under these and other enlightening influences, the country is making genuine advances in the path of progress, and has, let us hope, a bright future before it. Mr. Carter's volume is full of interesting facts and statistics, and is profusely illustrated throughout.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Newly edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Vol. I., A to E. (Macmillan, £1 1s. net.) Seeing that twenty-six years have elapsed since the appearance of the first part of the original issue of this notable book, the revision has been undertaken none too soon. While there is much to commend in the new edition, there is also a very great deal to which exception must be taken. There is far too much evidence of a want of sympathy with the modern trend of the youngest of the arts. One has only to compare the articles on Elgar (who is dismissed with a little over three columns) and Sterndale Bennett (which runs to ten). Francesco Cilea does not appear at all. If revision must be done—and the work certainly required it—it should have been done better than this. An excellent appreciation of Brahms, by the editor, is marred by the statement that he represents the last of the line of great German composers. It may be criticism; it is certainly not a contribution to the writing of history. From the preface one gathers that the book is intended as a plain guide for the general reader. Judged from this standpoint, the article on Dvorak is very unsatisfactory. Few amateurs will agree that in the symphony "From the New World" the composer adopted a style not natural to him. Of the old matter which has been refurbished, the articles on counterpoint, and that by Mr. W. H. Hadow on Berlioz, are distinctly additions of merit; but Sir Hubert W. Parry might reasonably have improved his article on "Chamber Music" by taking cognisance of certain modern additions to this branch of the art. Walford Davies receives more sympathetic treatment than F. H. Cowen, although in regard to the latter the notice is more adequate than the original biography. In these two instances, again, the "tendencies" show rather plainly, and if the inclusion of "Everyman" in the one list was possible "John Gilpin" should not have been omitted in the other. Among the performers whose biographies and achievements are detailed one would have expected to find a mention of Caruso; and the reasons given for the omission of an index do not seem to be sufficient.

STUDIES IN BIBLICAL LAW. By Harold M. Wiener. (Nutt.) The Mosaic creed constitutes so integral a part of the Old Testament and forms, in addition, so important a body of ancient law that an examination into its main features cannot but prove valuable alike both to the theologian and the jurist, for whom Mr. Wiener's book is principally intended. Primarily the writer is concerned to utilise the evidence afforded by the legal codes as indications of the dates and the homogeneity of the books to which they belong. He points out, for instance, that the alleged inconsistency between the jural laws of Exodus, Deuteronomy and Leviticus is simply to be ascribed to the palpable ignorance of the higher critics of the technicalities of conveyancing law and the subsequent confusion between the Deuteronomic "release of loans," which was a *seisachtheia* for the dwellers in the cities, and the Levitical "liberty for inhabitants" which guaranteed freedom of the person to dwellers in the country. There is no doubt that in this examination of the Biblical jural laws Mr. Wiener has opened up a new and valuable source of information as to the dates of the various books of the Pentateuch; but we could have well spared his righteous indignation against the higher critics for their alleged blasphemy in garbling the sacred text of malice prepense. Though, indeed, he brings a weighty mass of evidence in support of the now discredited theory of the homogeneity of the Pentateuch, and, being a lawyer himself, has the advantage of a specialist against laymen in dealing with the legal aspects of the problem, it is impossible for his case to be really proved without reference to the textual and philological sides of the case with which

he is unconcerned. More interesting are the more exclusively juristic sections of the book, which show the similarities between Biblical law and the broad outlines of the Roman Twelve Tables and the Babylonian Law of Hammurabi, and deal with the pillar and token covenants, which were the early Hebrew substitutes for contract.

THE PEEL COLLECTION AND THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. By Sir Walter Armstrong. (Seeley, 7s. net.) Sir Walter Armstrong is always vastly interesting to read on the subject of pictures; and this charmingly illustrated book on the Dutch masters in the Peel collection is no mere bookmaking. Indeed, it must always be a matter of regret to his admirers that so able a critic has not been gifted with as exquisite a colour-sense in the use of words as he is gifted with artistic taste. His enthusiasms grow chill in the telling; yet, if we shut the book and brood upon his sayings, the sense of fit enthusiasm comes well out of the business. Sir Walter puts Metsu in his right and glorious position. He does not quite realise the greatness of Wouwerman—the largeness and the vastness of his skies and the bigness of his style in his best work. But on the whole his estimate and his "placing" of the Dutchmen is very true. Paul Potter he needlessly belittles—indeed, the famed "Bull" made one feel much in the same mood oneself on seeing the original; but there is a Paul Potter in the Six Collection which is no mean achievement. Nevertheless, Potter's position has been ridiculously overrated, and Sir Walter's estimate is nearer rightness than the general verdict. But Sir Walter wobbles sadly between the two schools as to the meaning of art; yet it is good to see so good a man even wobbling between the false value of art being beauty and the real value of art being the transference of emotion. The Dutchmen are in their art quite as great as the Italians; for greatness in art depends on the perfection with which the tools are used to express emotion. Where the Italians surpassed the Dutchmen was in the largeness of their imagination.

FIELD BOOK OF WILD BIRDS AND THEIR MUSIC. By F. Schuyler Mathews. (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) "She sings like a bird" is one of the stock phrases of the music critic—of the descriptive order—that is still to be found in current journalism. The peculiar charm of a bird's song is just that it is the bird's song, and nothing else. No one has ever yet set it down accurately in notation, but Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews, in his interesting and daintily produced book, has succeeded in giving a very intelligent presentation of the notes of the wild birds of America which, if their notes are anything like those of their prototypes in the British Isles, can be said to be remarkably like the real thing. Among modern music founded on bird-notes none is more interesting than Mr. J. S. Moorat's "Cuckoo Cherry Tree," while the three-colour prints of birds from sketches by the author are, on the whole, exceedingly good. The writer displays intimate knowledge of nature in her many moods of loveliness, and his research has evidently been most patient. Probably it is not his fault that he has made a slip in regard to Merbecke and the plain song of the "Paternoster." The drop of the minor third was there long before that "Reformation" musician was requested by Cranmer to exercise the gentle art of "faking," and adapt something as near plain chant as possible to the Englished Liturgy. American music type seems far from decorative, although it is clear.

THE SEA-FISHING INDUSTRY OF ENGLAND AND WALES. By F. G. Afalo. With a Sea Fisheries Map and numerous photographs by the author and others. (Stanford, 16s. net.) For a maritime people, our neglect of our fisheries has been for generations a standing reproach. Mr. Afalo has been a pioneer in sea-fishing reform, and has done much to revolutionise even professional methods. The task of compiling an authoritative volume embracing the calling in all its aspects could not have been entrusted to abler hands. To many landmen this comprehensive survey of the great

industry will come as a revelation. Few people, we imagine, have any idea that this country draws from the North Sea fish amounting in annual value to over £5,000,000, while Scotland alone takes £1,500,000 and all other nations £3,000,000—a striking proof of the soundness of what Father Prout used to call “drafts on the Dogger Bank.” Fewer still, probably, are aware that coal and ice have enabled our trawlers to fish every ground from Iceland to Portugal, so that our fish markets are supplied from centres a thousand miles apart. Marine biology may yet be in its infancy. The distribution problem may still remain to be solved so as to remove the scandal of the constantly recurring waste of hundreds of tons of valuable food which railway mismanagement and a grasping “ring” combine to render unsaleable, but Mr. Aflalo shows that things are improving. He usefully traces the course of legislation and of scientific investigation, and passes in rapid review all the fishing ports of England and Wales. Mr. Aflalo hazards the prophecy that the discovery of new fishing grounds is the most obvious development of the immediate future with necessary improvements in cold storage and rapid transport. Another question which he discusses is the greater importation of fish from our colonies. The fostering of fishing communities in Greater Britain is becoming an urgent question. Australia is already awake to the promise of her fisheries, although it yet remains to be seen whether she will ever export fish in bulk to the Mother Country, but there is clearly no valid reason why France should encourage the Cape fisheries, with their promise of new edible species, any more than ourselves. Mr. Aflalo breaks what is, we believe, largely new ground in his estimate that there are upwards of fifty neglected British sea fish, which is comforting, since the time is probably not far distant when the sole, for example, will become extinct. Fish culture under Government auspices, whereby denuded sea-beds could be replenished is, we fear, a dream; although actual experiments have proved that the artificial restocking of the sea is within the limits of practicability. Millions of the fry of haddock, cod, plaice and flounder have, for instance, been turned down in Morecambe Bay, and soles have been planted in Scottish waters. Norway has set us a splendid example in turning out into the sea in a single year 250,000,000 of cod hatched in her fjords.

CLASSIFIED GEMS OF THOUGHT. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.) “From the great writers and preachers of all ages, in convenient form for use as a dictionary of ready reference on religious subjects, by the Reverend F. B. Proctor, M.A., Vicar of Worthill, York, with a preface by the Very Reverend Henry Wace, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.” A volume which should be welcome to all serious-minded Christians, and to clergymen in particular, who will derive much help from it in the preparation of their sermons. The book is not an encyclopedia, but, as its learned compiler claims with justice, a “Treasury of things new and old: Illustrations, readings, papers, sermons, notes, suggestions, condensed narratives, adaptations, analogies, analyses and digests of topics from many a learned volume.” The subjects treated, which number no less than three thousand, are arranged alphabetically, while a general index of subjects, with cross references, is found at the end of the book. Though the volume is essentially religious in its aims, it is so far from showing a bigoted or narrow-minded spirit that it gives a comprehensive view of both sides of the question. Thus it numbers among its numerous list of authorities men of character so totally different as Augustine, Cervantes, Calvin, Darwin, Dickens, Bishop Butler, Byron, Chalmers, Donne. Altogether a most excellent book, and one filling a gap that has remained open only too long.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGES. By H. Snowden Ward. (Black, 6s.) A capital book, dealing with Thomas of London, his murder, his cult, and his miracles; with Geoffrey Chaucer and his pilgrims, and with the Pilgrims' Way. It is written in bright, breezy fashion. Since it was written Mr. Belloc's book on the Way has seen the light and will modify some of Mr. Ward's arguments and

conclusions as to the course pursued by pilgrims from Winchester to Canterbury. Mr. Ward does not seem to realise that the religious folk proceeding from the west to the east of South England would follow, mainly, at any rate, pre-existing tracks or ways. The illustrations are numerous, good and very interesting.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Edited by R. Warwick Bond. (The Arden Shakespeare, Methuen, 3s. 6d.) Another play in this fine edition is always sure of a warm welcome. We have before spoken in terms of high praise of the Arden Shakespeare, and need only say here that the latest volume is worthy of its fellows; the student and critic could desire no more complete or scholarly work.

DIARIES. Messrs. Letts have sent us the following diaries for 1905: The No. 1 Diary (10s.); the No. 10 Diary (4s. 6d.); the No. 26 Diary (1s.); the No. 41 Rough Diary, giving an entire page for a day (price 5s.; or cloth, plain, 6s. 6d.; with blotting 8s.); the No. 31 Rough Diary, with a week in an opening (1s. 6d., or with blotting 2s. 6d.). These are all good serviceable books, strongly bound; of which the No. 1 is the most luxurious. Of considerably smaller size are the Letts Pocket Diary, No. 17D. (2s.); Letts Daily Health Diary, by Eustace Miles, M.A. (1s. 6d.). Of still smaller size and capable of being carried in the waistcoat pocket are the Letts One Day Pocket Diary and Almanac, and the Letts Diary, No. 16 (price 1s.). They are excellent as ever.

Reprints and New Editions

We all have a copy of “Villette” on our shelves, but have we so handy a one as Messrs. Nelson send me? Nowadays, when books multiply exceedingly and loudly demand shelf-room, bulk is a very important consideration; and although I like not too small a page, yet expediency jogs my elbow when my hand strays toward a goodly but larger volume. I would gladly give all my friends house room, yet must I demand that they bring as little luggage as possible, for my shelves are already groaning. Thin-paper editions are a veritable godsend to such a one as I, and I doubt not to many others. The New Century Library, to which **VILLETTE** and **THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL** belong, is quite a boon (Nelson, 2s. each). The two volumes are compact yet not too small; their pages are full of type, yet they do not present a crowded appearance. “Villette” is a delightful book, and I am glad to dip into it again. Who does not love Paul Carl David Emmanuel, he who held that a woman of intellect was “a sort of ‘lulus nature,’ a luckless accident, a thing for which there was neither place nor use in creation”? We should be the poorer if Charlotte Brontë had not been “a luckless accident”—Trench's path-making piece of work, **ON THE STUDY OF WORDS**, comes to me in a new and revised edition at a popular price (Routledge, 2s. 6d.). It has been ably edited by Mr. A. Smythe Palmer, D.D., and although etymology has made giant strides during the last few years, undoubtedly the Archbishop's work will always be read, if only for what Mr. Smythe Palmer calls “the all-pervading charm of his chaste and dignified style.” The study of words is fascinating, and the present reprint is welcome.—Another welcome reprint is Burton's **ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY** (Bell, York Library, 3 vols., 3s. and 2s. each net). I like its new attire very much; it is not so bulky or so dull in appearance as the one I have. The cover design is chaste and thoroughly in keeping with the subject, while the print is all that can be desired. How extraordinarily fond was Burton of italics and capital letters!—The Orinda Booklets need only be seen to be purchased. They are absurdly cheap at sixpence each net. Nos. 5 and 6 of the series are some selected poems of **PHINEAS FLETCHER** and selections from the works of **JOHN DONNE**, **HENRY KING**, and **ISAAC WALTON**.—More booklets—Rossetti's **HAND AND SOUL** and De Quincey's **LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW** (Little Prose Masterpieces, Foulis, 6d. each). I have spoken

of this series before. I would suggest that these dainty booklets be sent out to one's friends in Christmas greeting instead of cardboard trivialities that shortly find their way to the wastepaper basket. Love me, love my greeting.—More sixpennyworths of literature. This time George MacDonald's fairy tales, *CROSS PURPOSES AND THE CARASOYN AND THE SHADOWS AND LITTLE DAY-LIGHT* (Fifield, 6d. each net). Charming stories; too little read by children of to-day. It is, of course, a debateable point if juveniles obtain an appetite for the whole by tasting samples. If we believe they do, then certainly *THE CHILDREN'S PICKWICK* (Jack, 1s. 3d.) serves a good end. The selections have been carefully and suitably made by Mr. Thomas Cartwright, and the whole is bright and pleasant-looking. Can we ever be too young to like Mr. Pickwick or to old to enjoy his pleasantries? An we be we shall be dull dogs indeed. F. T.-S.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson & Co. have in preparation for early publication a new volume entitled "Droll Glasgow," by Mr. Eric Falconer. The book deals with the humours of life in St. Mungo, and will be illustrated by Mr. David Carter. In literature, as in art, the "Glasgow school" seems to be growing apace.—Sir Frederick Treves' new work, "The Other Side of the Lantern," in which the author describes his recent tour round the world, will not be ready for publication before Christmas, as was anticipated, but will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company early in the New Year.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Johns, C. H. W., *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters* (T. & T. Clark), 12/0 net.
 Young, the Rev. P., *In the Light of His Coming* (Skeffington), 5/0 net.
 Glover, the Rev. A. E., *A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
 Nelson, N. L., *Scientific Aspects of Mormonism* (Putnam), 7/6 net.
 Lewis, E. W., *Some Views of Modern Theology* (Allenson), 3/6.
 Traubel, H., *Chants Communal* (Boston, U.S.A.: Small, Maynard).
 The Diary of a Church-Goer (Macmillan), 3/6 net.
 Brook, the Rev. C. H. (translated), *Great French Preachers, II.: Advent and Christmas* (Richards), 3/6 net.
 Beecher, H. W. (selected by M. M. R.), *Day and Thought* (Melrose), 1/6 and 2/6 net.
 Gore, Dr. C., *Spiritual Efficiency* (Murray), 1/0 net.
 Best, K. D., *Rosa Mystica* (Washbourne), 15/0 net.
 Besant, Annie, *Re-Incarnation, A Christian Doctrine* (Theosophical Publishing Society).
 Rashdale, Dr. H., *Christus in Ecclesia* (T. & T. Clark), 4/6 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Willibie His Avis, with an Essay towards its interpretation by C. Hughes (Sherratt & Hughes), 10/0 net.
 At Shakespeare's Shrine, a Poetical Anthology, edited by C. F. Forshaw, with "Plays Partly Written by Shakespeare," by Richard Garnett (Stock), 7/6.
 Whibley, C., *Literary Portraits* (Constable), 7/6 net.
 Bernard, H., *Slavoff, P., and Dillon, E. J., The Shade of the Balkans* (Nutt), 7/6 net.
 Morgan, Mary, *Seeds from the Garden of the World* (Foulis).
 Whitehead, J., *Love's Tribute* (Foulis).
 Roberts, C. G. D., *The Book of the Rose: Poems* (Brimley Johnson), 3/6 net.
 Carpet Plays: *Citoyenne Denise*, by E. Looh; *Roses and Thorns*, and *Tantrums*, by F. Riviere; *A Lucky Trifle*, by M. B. Cross; *The Spade Heresy*, by Mrs. S. Erskine (Brimley Johnson), 0/6 net each.
 Pinero, A. W., *Letty: An Original Drama* (Heinemann), 1/6 and 2/6.
 Toynbee, Mrs. Paget, *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford, Vols. IX.-XII.* (Clarendon Press), 6/0 net each.
 Thomas, E., *Rose Acre Papers* (Brown, Langham), 1/6 net.
 Lowe, D., *Sonnets of Sweet Sorrow* (Glasgow: F. W. Wilson), 2/6 net.
 Robertson, J., *Arachnia, Occasional Verses* (Macmillan), 5/0 net.
 Gray, C., *A Fit of Happiness and Other Essays* (Stock), 5/0.
 Fitzgerald, Percy, *The Garrick Club* (Stock), 21/0 net.

History and Biography

- Freeman, E. A., *Western Europe in the Eighth Century* (Macmillan), 10/0 net.
 Sanders, Mary F., *Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings* (Murray), 12/0 net.
 Lang, A., *Historical Mysteries* (Smith, Elder), 9/0 net.
 Taylor, Ida A., *Revolutionary Types* (Duckworth), 7/6 net.
 Tapp, S. C., *The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions* (Putnam), 6/0 net.
 Hughes, Dorothea Price, *The Life of Hugh Price Hughes* (Hodder & Stoughton), 12/0.
 Newland, H. O., *A Short History of Citizenship* (Stock), 2/6 net.
 Shirazi, J. K. M., *Life of Omar Al-Khayyami* (Foulis).
 Cumming, Constance F. Gordon, *Memories* (Blackwood), 20/0 net.

Travel and Topography

- Fraser, G. M., *Historical Aberdeen: The Green and its Story* (Aberdeen: Wm. Smith).

Art

- Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley (Longmans), 5/0 net.

Science

- Haeckel, E., *The Wonders of Life* (Watts), 6/0 net.

Educational

- Grundy, G. B., *Murray's Small Classical Atlas* (Murray).
 Raymont, F., *The Principles of Education* (Longmans), 4/6.
 Hodgson, Geraldine, *The Teacher's Rabelais* (Blackie), 1/0 net.
 Robert, F. R., *Features of French Life, Parts I. and II.* (Dent), 0/9 net each.

Miscellaneous

- Gould, F. C., *Cartoons in Rhyme and Line* (Unwin), 4/6 net.
 Peters, Dr. C., *England and the English* (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0 net.
 Hudson, R., *Memorials of a Warwickshire Parish* (Methuen), 15/0 net.
 Oldershaw, L., *England: A Nation* (Brimley Johnson), 3/6 net.
 Sorabji, Cornelia, *Sun-Babies: Studies in the Child-Life of India* (Murray), 6/0 net.
 McCaul, Ethel, *Under the Care of the Japanese War Office* (Cassell), 6/0.
 Stempel, Theresa D., *Physical Exercises for Girls* (Melrose), 1/0.
 Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies (Griffin).
 Bartholomew, J. G., *The Handy Atlas of the British Empire* (Newnes), 1/0 net.
 Gonne, Captain C. M., *Hints on Horses* (Murray), 5/0 net cash.
 Way, A. S., *David the Captain* (Macmillan), 6/0.
 Wurde, Gideon, *The Foolish Dictionary* (Dean), 3/6 net.
 Sterry, W., *A List of Eton Commensals, 1563-1647* (Spottiswoode), 2/0 net.
 Annual Report of the Libraries, Art Gallery, and Museums Committee, Bradford (Byles).
 Pictorial Postcards: *Famous Houses of Bath* (Meehan), 0/6.
 Shand, A. Innes, *The Gun Room* (Lane), 3/0 and 4/0 net.
 Roulette: *A Treatise on the Game*, by "H." (Seale), 2/0 net.
 The Love-Letters of a Lady of Quality (Stock), 5/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Shelley, *Complete Poetical Works*, edited by T. Hutchinson (Clarendon Press), 7/6 net.
 Kingsley, C., *The Water-Babies* (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
 Homer's *Iliads*, and *Odyssey* and *Shorter Poems* (Chapman's translation), 2 vols. (Newnes), 3/6 each net.
 Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream, Comedy of Errors, Venus and Adonis, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure*, King Henry VIII., *Sonnets*, and *Lucrece* (Heinemann), 0/6 net each.
 Keats, *Poems*, 2 vols. (Bell), 25/0 net.
 Stanley, A. P., *Life of Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby* (Murray), 2/6 net.
 Buckland, Anna, *The Story of English Literature* (Cassell), 3/6.
 Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, 6 vols. (Pocket Edition) (Allen), 18/0 and 24/0 net.
 Pyle, W. L. (edited), *A Manual of Personal Hygiene* (New York: Saunders & Co.), \$1.50 net.
 Anstey, F., *A Fallen Idol* (Newnes), 0/6.
 Ducloux, Mgr. L. (translated by M. L. McClure), *Christian Worship* (S.P.C.K.), 10/0.
 Hogg, J., *Kilmory (Lane)*, 1/0 and 1/6 net.
 Smollett, *Peregrine Pickle*, in 2 vols. (Hutchinson), 1/6 net each.
 Tlleston, Mrs. M. W., *Great Souls at Prayer* (Allenson), 2/6 net.
 Cooper, F., *The Last of the Mohicans* (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
 Rossetti, W. M. (edited), *Poems of Christina Rossetti* (Macmillan), 2/6 net.
 Johnson, Dr. S., *Prayers and Meditations* (Stock), 5/0 net.

Fiction

- Blonddelle-Burton, J., *"The Land of Bondage"* (White), 6/0; Brooks, Hildegarde, *"Daughters of Desperation"* (Blackwood), 3/6 net; Burne-Jones, Sir Philip, *"With Amy in Brittany"* (Appleton), 3/6 net; Cleveland, J., *"The Master Preacher"* (Christmas Number of "The Sunday Magazine" (Isbister), 0/6; Winter, John Strange, *"The Strange Story of My Life"* ("Winter's Annual" (White), 0/6; Bilse, ex-Lieutenant, *"Dear Fatherland"* (Lane), 6/0.

Juvenile

- Tomlinson, Ella and Agnes, *"A Summer of Children"* (Dent), 10/6 net; Field, E., and Parrish, M., *"Poems of Childhood"* (Lane), 10/6; Sellon, E. Mildred, *"Parson Wetherby's Robins"* (Jarrold), 1/6; "Golden Sunbeams," Vol. VIII. (S.P.C.K.), 1/4.

Booksellers' Catalogues

- Messrs. Hatchards (*Books of To-day—Christmas Number*), 187 Piccadilly, W.; Messrs. Jones & Evans (*Christmas List*), 77 Queen Street, Cheap-side; Mr. Bertram Dobell (*General*), 77 Charing Cross Road; Mr. Henry Gray (*International Bulletin*), Goldsmiths' Estate, East Acton; Messrs. A. & F. Denny (*Christmas List*), 147 Strand; Mr. B. H. Blackwell (*General*), Oxford; Messrs. Williams & Norgate (*International Book Circular*), 14 Henrietta Street; Mr. Charles Higham (*General*), 274 Farringdon Street; Messrs. Douglas & Foulis (*General*), Edinburgh; Mr. Thomas Thorp (*General*), Reading.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Contemporary Review," "Empire Review," "Cornhill," "Blackwood's Magazine," "Harper's Magazine" (Christmas Number), "Independent Review," "Book Monthly," "Lippincott's," "The Strand," "The Commonwealth," "Steed's Annual," "Good Words," "Architectural Review," "The Author," "School World," "Monthly Review," "Literary News," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Geographical Journal," "The Animals' Friend."

Foreign

Educational

- George Mason's *Grammaire Anglaise* (Halle & S.: Niemeyer).

Periodicals, &c.

- "L'Occident," "Mercure de France," "Deutsche Rundschau."

My Book of Memory—X

I SUPPOSE every man has painted to himself a picture of heaven, which to most of us is the place where our desires will be fulfilled. A friend once said to me, not altogether in earnest perhaps, that he looked on heaven as being the fulfilment of all our worthy wishes and on hell as the satisfying of all our unworthy appetites; and there came to me after I had left him a dream of heaven. Like all our visions of the future world, it was based on personal experience of this present one in which we are working out our fates. Of all earthly paradises I look on Oxford as the most lovely and of all earthly occupations I look upon book reading and conversing with fellow-bookmen as the most delectable. So my heaven set itself forth to me as a beautiful grey city of towers and cloisters, set in an angle between two rivers; a quiet burgh, undisturbed by clamour of noisy men; inhabited by those who took their chief delight in reading and talking of books, and in the writing thereof, for may we not hope that in the next world not only will books be read but written? I dreamed that once again I lived in rooms, looking out upon the greensward of a cloistered quadrangle, rooms low of ceiling and with panelled walls and deep window-seats; a creeper tapping at the casement; the sun shining upon the square solemn tower opposite. There I sat by the window and read in a brown-bound folio tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and there came back to me memories of earth, of the stately tower of a great cathedral and of a desecrated shrine. After I had read my fill, I went down the tortuous stairway, passed through the shadowed cloisters and out into a beautiful highway with broad pavement stretching its whole width, and on either side the grey, creepered fronts of homes of learning. The way was thronged with men and women, some of whom greeted me with friendly smiles, others of whom knew me not, though their faces were familiar; I passed a group in animated conversation, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, John Milton; Joseph Addison and William Makepeace Thackeray went past; Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens; Jonathan Swift and Bolingbroke; Homer and Dante and Goethe; Heine and Sterne; oh, a goodly multitude of the great known and of the happy unknown. Then afterward I found myself seated in a dim hall; the sun rays poured in through glorious coloured glass, the tables were spread with snowy cloths and laden with splendid fruits and rich wines. We sat there and talked, a choice company. I was greatly honoured, for on my right hand sat Saint Charles, and on my left a gentle, humoursome little lady, who spoke to me modestly of Emma, whom we both had loved on earth. Opposite, Thackeray beamed through his spectacles, beside him sitting Oliver Goldsmith in gorgeous array, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, pensive and shy. They talked and I listened—but, as is ever the way with dreams, that which I would most remember I have forgotten; not one word of what they said can I recall.

Such was my dream, and may I be forgiven for it if it be ungodly. Oxford has been called the home of lost causes, a name but partially true; it is the home of many other things: of hopes fulfilled, of hopes shattered: of dreams that have come to be history, of dreams that were true enough to the dreamers but of which the world has never heard. Ah me, it is a beautiful city; but all true beauty has in it some admixture of sadness, just as high comedy has an undercurrent of tragedy.

I suppose I am captious, but to my mind no one has yet written any account of Oxford life that approaches

faithfulness. Is it impossible to do so? It is equivalent to the character of Juliet; a young and beautiful girl is needed to look the part and an experienced woman to act it; so to describe Oxford life aright the writer must be in heart a young man, in practice an expert or a genius. It is a glorious time that we spend there, realising at the moment little of the glory, but during our after years living many a splendid hour turning over the pages of our books of memory.

It is my custom of a summer time to spend some few days in Oxford, revisiting old haunts, renewing old friendships with places—not with men or women. I saunter into the library at the Union, and recall how many a pleasant hour I spent there, reading the books that I loved rather than those I should have studied; the dim and dusty college library; the chapel; my old rooms—all full of memories, of echoes, of ghosts. It is a ghostly place, this beautiful grey city of towers and cloisters; ghosts of dead friends and of departed dreams. It is not a sadness to go there, but a joy! I have as comrade, most times, that Saint Charles of whom I have already spoken, who, though not an Oxford man and unacquainted with its ways, loved and rightly appreciated the spirit of the place. I suppose the age at which we most of us go there is that of vivid impressions, and therefore it is that however familiar we may grow to be with later dwelling-places none other precedes alma mater in our affections. Oxford has a soul, other cities—to me—only bodies; the stones of Oxford are cemented with humanity, its walls echo with the living voices of the dead; she is ancient but grows not old; time touches her not to destruction but only to ever added beauty. Yet—it was all accident! Why should this marshy site have come to be covered with these lovely buildings? Why here—not elsewhere? Why should she have grown up so lovely? Why? Ah me, as boys at school, as youths at College, as men in the world, as oldsters who look back on this life and peer with dim eyes into the world to come—we idly ask "why?" Idly, for it is idle to ask questions to which no answer can come. Yet this idle question is the keynote of all knowledge and of all beliefs. Man differs from the beast of the field not in that he speaks, reasons or cooks his food, but in that he asks "why?" He has all the happiness granted to the beasts, and all the added joys and sorrows of unanswered questionings.

I set out to tell my dream of heaven and have come down again to earth; the fall is difficult to avoid. But there is, I believe, heaven in this as well as in the next world; of the heaven here no man can doubt the existence or of the hell. Yet, as I have said before, the great writers teach us that we have more of heaven than of hell around us; because the blind cannot see the loveliness of the world is no proof that beauty does not exist. The clear-sighted men and women—they look sorrow steadily in the face and tears melt into smiles. Climb the hill, however rough may be the road and miry the way; atop a prospect of delight opens out to us. Yes, but what of those who fall by the way, to whom the vision never appears? Then, again, why must some see more of grief than others? Why? And do they? For which one of us can clearly know the joys and sorrows of any heart other than our own? It is not for me to endeavour to discover an answer to any "why," but I have learned from great books and great writers that earth will be heaven to those of us who can find room in our hearts for sympathy. No man need be lonely; he who

endeavours so to be is a fool; there are companions for each one of us, not the least worthy of them—books. So let me dream of heaven as a paradise of books and bookmen.

E. G. O.

The Human Will

I. Introductory

CONCERNING a subject of such transcendent theoretical and practical importance as the human will a writer of short essays has no choice: he must either be silent or he must devote a series of essays thereto. And so I have delayed for months, until there came an access of courage which enabled me to ask for some weeks' space for one subject—which is indeed not one but many. Let us, then, observe some of the questions involved.

In the first place, the post-Spencerian writer cannot treat of man's will as if it had sprung, like Minerva, fully armed from the head of Jove. For one year short of half a century such a method of treatment has been obsolete. Neither will nor any other aspect of mind can be treated as if the adult Caucasian consciousness were an immediate creation, of whose genesis the first and last word has been said in a reference to a Creator or a First Cause. Your will and mine are evolved in us as individuals from the will of the child, from the springs of action in infancy and before it. Furthermore, your will is a product of racial as well as of individual evolution. It does not now suffice to declare, with Descartes, that the lower animals are automata: else the qualifying word "human" in my title were superfluous. The "ape and tiger," not yet dead in us, have consciousness and volition; nor can ours be explained without reference to theirs. Thus, whereas prior to the publication of the "Principles of Psychology" in 1855, will was treated as a prime fact, one cannot now plunge in *medias res*, but must devote the most serious initial consideration to the genesis of will—all our conclusions being thereby affected.

Nor can we go far, it may be found, without impinging upon one of the great outstanding controversies of biology—the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters. If I become a drunkard and thereafter a father, is my child more likely than he would have been to follow my ill-guided steps? And if he is thus doomed, is it because I have acquired a character which enslaves him, or is it rather that he inherits a tendency which, *apparently* acquired, was in reality innate in me? And if innate in me, can it be traced to the indulgence of one of my ancestors—have I inherited an acquired character—or would I have fallen in any case, whether my ancestor had yielded to temptation or no?

Then, again, what of the distinction between instinctive and rational action? Is it true that the lower animals act *only* by instinct, whereas man is a rational animal? And was Spencer right in declaring instinct to be "compound reflex action"? Must I, in discussing the human will, define reflex action; and what answer can I then make to the critic who may assert that, under a psychological title, I am discussing mere physiology?

Nor can one consider the human will without invasion of, or alliance with the theological camp. Are we *free*? Is our consciousness of freedom an illusion or not? And when we talk of free-will do we all mean

exactly the same thing? If not, we are unlikely to make much headway with this question or with others much less abstruse. You may mean by the assertion of free-will that human volition is uncaused or self-caused, or is, indeed, a little First Cause, which may defy, an it please, the great First Cause which some regard as omnipotent. You mean that the will can give place to the less cogent of two warring motives. What did Tennyson mean when he spoke of "power on thine own act and on the world"? Many mean by free-will not to assert that each human will is a little First Cause; but simply that man can, if he will, follow the dictates of his higher as against those of his lower nature, when there is that war in one's members which St. Paul described. Others mean merely to assert that man is a rational animal; yet it is beyond question that no rational process or concept can be in itself a *motive*: language is right: *motive* is always *emotion*.

Nor is this by any means all. The human will is not a merely academic topic: but, like those discussed in the first Academy, bears vitally upon practice. I shall shortly avow myself, for instance, a determinist, along with perhaps the greatest of the Fathers, and I suppose every physiologist and scientific psychologist of the present day. But if I am a determinist, can I in consistency, and in point of fact do I, ever praise or blame any one? Do I, to begin at home, regard myself as a responsible person? Do I, as it might appear I should, regard praise and blame as absurdities, the sense of moral responsibility as an illusion? If so, do I defend the laws which hang one murderer and detain another "at His Majesty's pleasure"? Surely, on the scientific theory of determinism, which declares that each of us is what heredity and environment have made him, I have no business to punish or acquiesce in the punishment of anybody, my dog or my servant? Nor can I consistently praise or reward. There cannot be degrees of irresponsibility. If no one can help doing anything, must I not regard with impartial eye and equal lack of favour or disfavour, the sage and the fool, the saint and the criminal, the sane and the insane? And if science and determinism deny the validity of universal instincts, declare that praise and blame are absurd, resolve conscience into superstition or indigestion, and make no distinction between deliberate crime, impulsive crime and maniacal crime, is not determinism stultified by the *reductio ad absurdum*? Must there not be but a foundation of shifting sand for the premises that lead to such conclusions?

If the reader will join me in trying to excogitate these matters during the next few weeks, when there is "nothing better to do," perhaps he may be led to make criticisms that will be of service to the present writer and to all the other readers of THE ACADEMY—save him, if such there be, to whom the whole matter is as plain as the nose on his face.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Mermaid Society

THIS Society's season at the Royalty Theatre is now complete as far as new productions are concerned, but I am very glad to learn that we are to have another week's performances of "The Confederacy" and that "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" will be revived—it is hoped for a considerable run—on December 26.

The Society's performances have been of great

interest, and, on the whole, very good, comedy faring better than tragedy at the hands of the actors. "The Way of the World" and the two plays already named were admirably acted and afforded abundant amusement. How alert these old comedies are! How full of brilliant characterisation and of pungent wit; time has in no way staled their mirth-provoking qualities, and they give to our actors opportunities of displaying gifts with which few credit them. Of those who have played during the current season the most successful have been Miss Ethel Irving, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Dora Hole, Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Frank Lascelles, excellent comedians all. With such support Mr. Philip Carr, the President of the Society, may be encouraged to continue his experiments and to revive other old comedies. But it would be wise for him to consider whether he would not be well advised to play each piece for a longer period than one week. Talk about a performance is its best advertisement, and if but a bare week be allotted to a play talk has scarcely commenced to bear fruit before the run is over. In time a repertoire will be formed and then the plays can be changed frequently. It is on some such lines as these, and on those followed so successfully at the Court Theatre, that a true test will be provided of whether or not London playgoers are ready to support good acting and good plays, new and old.

There has perhaps been too much talk about "love of the literary drama" and so forth; too much said and too little done. As to "literary" dramas I know not what is meant by this distinction. Every fine play is literature, and there is the beginning and the end of it. A playwright who can set forth human nature is a great man-of-letters; he who cannot is no dramatist, however successful he may be in tickling the public palate. If all those who talk of the dearth of good plays and of the decadence of our acting would actively support such enterprises as those of the Mermaid Society at the Royalty Theatre and of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne at the Court Theatre there would soon be less cause for complaint. If the British theatre is in a bad way it is entirely due to the public, and it is not for them to grumble because they are provided with that for which they show an eager appetite. If good works are asked for, and when granted are supported, we shall soon find that the British drama is no dead thing. As for our actors we have a plenty of fine ones, who show their mettle when the chance is given to them. One more suggestion: I think it would be for the best if all these efforts to aid the drama were focussed in one theatre, which should be the home of such societies as the Mermaid Society and the Stage Society. Custom carries weight with it, and the public who really care for all that is worthy in our drama would soon learn to recognise that a particular theatre is the home of a cause that will soon be won if—the victory be really desired by any large section of theatre-goers.

But it must not be forgotten that the future lies not with dramatists or actors or managers—but with the public. If mere novelty, excitement, easy amusement are all that is desired they will prove to be all that will be provided. In the hands of the theatre-goer is the future of our drama.

In an early issue will appear a series of articles on
"THE MODERN STAGE"

by
JOHN OLIVER HOBBS
(Mrs. Craigie)

Portrait Painters

To stand in the middle of these galleries and gaze at the vast display of canvases upon the walls gives in some sad way a sense not wholly of the greatness of English painting to-day—the mediocre almost swamps the good. Yet in detail the picture-lover will find at the New Gallery some very beautiful things. Still, this sense of mediocrity should not be—and if it must be, then we must accept the grim fact that decadence has set in. This sense of the commonplace is produced quite as much by the lack of beautiful glowing live colour as by the lack of other artistic statement; and it is almost overwhelming when one stands away from the walls to take a general survey. It is all the more pronounced after a visit to the New English Art Club, where the general sense of pulsing fresh colour is as remarkable as it is pleasant to the eye. Indeed, the chief interest at the Exhibition is contributed by men recently passed away. It is perhaps for this reason that work such as that of Mr. Ellis Roberts seems to disquiet the mind that would try to form an estimate of what is being done to-day by an association of men who paint portraits.

These rooms, so long associated with the triumphs of Watts, display to-day a few examples of his workmanship; but they do so somewhat timidly, almost shyly, as though dreading comparison with the coming show at the Academy. Sandys, whose neglect by the Academy will ever remain one of its many disgraces, is represented by some of those large crayon portraits which always give me a sense of discomfort—a sense as of a thing too large to swallow. The scale is too large for the tool employed, and it is probably for this reason that Sandys' large crayon portraits seem to gain a thousandfold in power and beauty and unity when they are reduced by reproduction. Whistler is represented—also a little shyly—yet what distinction shines wherever this strange man's exquisite genius cared to stray! The very shape of his canvas, the placing of the head, the tender glow of the colour, the mysterious elusiveness of it all—by these presents shall ye know the name of Whistler immortal. And what an unpromising name it was! James McNeill Whistler! Yet, when all is said and done, to true portrait-painting Whistler contributed but few great pieces, though these few are amongst the triumphs of art. And, what is far worse, the splendid school which he created, especially amongst the Scotsmen, has undoubtedly suffered from his example in making the technical beauty of the painting, its decorative arrangement, overwhelm the portrayal of the personality of the sitter. Every year makes this more marked.

But it is to the work of two foreigners that the picture-lover will chiefly turn here to-day: a single portrait of a lady in black, by Corot, and a series of portraits by Lenbach. The Corot is vastly interesting, being the great landscape-painter's picture of a Frenchwoman in the ridiculously ugly dress of the period that

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

followed the crinoline; and how pleasant and personal the colour scheme is! The Lenbachs are a revelation of the heights to which this great painter's ugly brushing and cadaverous handling could take him when the subject was a splendid one, and of the depths to which he could sink, especially when his sitters were women, when a putrid kind of colour seemed to take possession of the brush; and his modelling, especially of the nose and mouth, seemed to suggest decay and disease. But give him his Bismarck, and to what heights the man could soar! Personally, I feel sorry that I have seen so much of his work on one wall. It has left me with a smaller sense of Lenbach's powers; for, like most of his admirers in this country, I fancy I had founded my estimate of the artist on but two or three of his pictures, and these his masterpieces. One likes to think always of a master as of a man who made works of art out of all he touched, as Whistler did. But of Lenbach one can only say he had his moments.

HALDANE MACFALL.

The New Writers' Column

Imagination and Life

WE stretch out our hands to pluck the stars as children do daisies in an earthly field, and the constellations laugh in mockery. Strange that what infant lips whispered as "God's posies" the grown mind should still regard as flowers. But the imagination is a rare artist. We have never seen, nor ever will see, what are called the "bare facts of things." The keenest mind will never penetrate the glamour that with dexterous and mysterious brush our finest faculty is ever creating for us. Nations war with nations, and their bloodiest deeds make the chants of ages. Deepest tragedy is the theme of highest poetry. And "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

Life would be utterly impossible were we in any considerable degree conscious of its reality. We shudder at the few stains we do see, and the occasional cry almost terrifies us with its wild wailing. It is well for us that the plaint of the worm is lost in the glad warble of the songster, and that the clash of worlds is seen only in the meteoric flash of our night-watches. We are continually hurting ourselves against the ragged edges and sharp corners of life; we are often trodden under the unheeding feet of our fellows, and are in turn the cause of misery; but though the sum of agony in this world must be of an awful magnitude, individual suffering is only a relative quality. Cynics declare that the imagination is the cause of the little hurt we have, but rather are we saved from the utter enormity of pain and sorrow by the watchful care of this omnipotent faculty.

How lurks the power for injury behind the loveliest of appearances is at no time made manifest better than in the days of our youth. We tip-toed to peep over the hedgerows of fancy, hedgerows, we well saw, that were themselves beautiful with flowers—with the many-coloured blossoms of the youthful years; yet which, when in our curiosity we stumbled against their sides, scratched and tore our bodies sore with a thousand hidden means. Our after-lives have little appreciated the correction. We are continually poking our fingers in the fire, the infantile curiosity not one whit abated. Fancy assures us the moment of agony was but the accident of our speculation; loves to fool and punish

us, and yet at the end of our chastisement we are still undecided whether fire is a plaything or an enemy.

Fancy is a totally wayward, whimsical, irresponsible thing; does not concern itself with consequence, will not be bound in any way. Imagination, on the other hand, though not subject to inviolable law, seeks a definite path, and is a fully accountable thing. As an artist, however, it is sometimes to be regretted that the brush should be used so freely, and that the colours do not always harmonise. It has even been known to waste its zeal upon the lily; but it can make our meanest hour blush with riches, and our blankest solitude throb with bustling life.

REGINALD ARTHUR JONES.

REGULATIONS.

We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and of sufficient merit, we will print it in THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of payment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to the contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MSS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

New Monthly Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 ls., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 ls. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR SECOND COMPETITION

"GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

By Sidney Lee.

(Published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.
7s. 6d. net.)Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than
Monday next, December 12.

Correspondence

Celtomania and "Science"

SIR,—I trust some note will be taken of the doubt which I ventured to express concerning the efficacy of the natural sciences as an instrument for training the mind. I should not have cared to call attention to Sir William Preece's extraordinary outburst of essentially unscientific mode of reasoning save for the fact that Sir William is a distinguished "scientist," and if half we hear concerning the educational value of natural science were true, it would be simply impossible for him to make the statements he did.—Yours, &c.

ALFRED NUTT.

"The Theological Taint"

SIR,—It is perforce dull work to emphasise that which is already a matter of common knowledge, yet the latest phase of the hidebound conservatism (to use a euphemistic expression) of Oxford, as exhibited in the retention of compulsory Greek, is so blatant as to call for some comment. Let me take the main points of the defence for Greek, presumably official, embodied in a recent article by Mr. Grant Robertson, in "The Daily Mail." First, from the point of view of the candidate, it is alleged that he suffers damage through the lack of that humanisation of his mind which is afforded by cramming at high pressure a certain minimum of elementary Greek. I would mention, more or less by the way, that Mr. Robertson seems to take for granted that Oxford is in its essence the home of the higher education. This is obviously not the case, as a very great percentage of the more athletic and less studious undergraduates content themselves with taking a pass degree, the examination for which is adapted to the meanest intelligence. The theological course, again, offers a pleasing refuge for men of inferior intellectual calibre who yet aspire. To return to Greek, while I admit readily the undoubted advantages to be derived from Greek in Greats and in a lesser degree in Mods., I would point out that these advantages accrue exclusively from studying the higher branches of the language, which is only possible after many years' application. But what is the attitude of the scientific or mathematical student who takes Greek by compulsion? Growling with indignation at the futile absurdity of his tyrants, he learns his grammar off by heart, acquires a working knowledge of the English translation of his Homer or Plato, and after the examination is over tosses away his cribs with a sigh of relief at his emancipation. This, sir, is his liberal and humanising education. Mr. Robertson's second series of objections is based on the demoralisation of the present spirit and tone of Oxford inevitably consequent on the insertion of "the thin end of the wedge"; in other words, he takes his stand on the crass and hidebound medievalism of the place. The fact is, that Oxford is so deeply infected with the theological taint that it is perhaps only naturally the arch-enemy of science and modernity. One remembers the celebrated Wilberforce and Huxley controversy, where the tendency of the University was to exhibit towards the great scientist the spirit, if not the actual details, of the treatment which the Inquisition meted out to Galileo. The incubus of an effete orthodoxy also presses on the election to the headships of the colleges. It is almost, in fact, essential to the Oxford tradition that the head of a college should be in Holy Orders.

Even at present considerable opposition is anticipated to Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, the obvious candidate for the vacant presidency of Corpus, owing to his addiction to the two sins which are unpardonable at Oxford—Liberalism and agnosticism. Yet beneath the elaborate theorism of the pro-Greeks lies one solitary practical objection. The classics constitute the livelihood of the majority of the Oxford dons. Is it to be wondered at that they should cling desperately to their bread and butter? Mr. Grant Robertson informs us that he and many others "are prepared to die in the last ditch for Greek." Hoping that they will prove ready in the hour of emergency.—Yours, &c. J. B.

Entente Cordiale.

SIR,—As some of your readers may have asked themselves who first suggested the idea of a literary and artistic *entente cordiale* between England and France, I should be glad if you would allow me to add a few words to the note which you recently published on the subject of the Alliance Franco-Anglaise. The necessity of strengthening Anglo-French relations by other means than those known to politicians was first pointed out by M. Jules Claretie in an article in "The Figaro" in November 1903, but, as he said at the time, the credit of the idea was due to a scholarly French diplomatist, whose name he was not authorised to reveal. A few days later "The Pall Mall Gazette" published an article in which I developed still further the ideas of this diplomatist—whom I have the honour to count among my friends. "Does it not seem to you," he said in one of our conversations, "that in the movement which has brought about the *entente cordiale* between our two countries, too much importance has been given, up to now, to the material interests uniting us? Assuredly I am the first to voice their importance. But they are not the only ones. I see other interests which, though they may not be controlled by statistics, are none the less forceful, and it appears to me that if we continue to neglect to attribute to writers, savants, artists and, in short, all propagators of ideas, their large share in the harvest we are reaping to-day, we should show veritable ingratitude." Originators of brilliant ideas are so often overlooked that I trust you will assist me in recording this not unimportant piece of literary history.—Yours, &c.

FREDERIC LEEES.

[Other letters held over owing to pressure on space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.—The following letter appeared in one of the "Annual Registers," under the heading "Anecdote of Shakespeare, never printed in his Works . . .":

"FRIEND MARIE.—I must desire that my Sister buy watche, and the Cookerie book you promysed, may be sente hys the man—I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merrye at the



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Globe, when Ned Alleyne did not scruple to assume pleasantly to thy friends Will, that he had stolen his speeches about the qualities of an Actor's excellence in Hamlet his Trajedy, from conversations manyfold which had passed between them, and opinions given by Alleyne touching the subjects—Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sort: but Johnstone put an end to the strife with witty remarks, 'This affair needeth no contentions; you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: Have you not seen him act tyms out of number.'

"Believe me most sincere, Yours, G. PEEL."

Can any one tell me if there is any authority for the above?—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

LITERATURE.

* BISMARCK AND GABORIAU.—In "Le Dossier No. 113" (English translation) Nina, mistress of Prosper Bertony, says of her lover: "Ignorant people call him weak, yielding. I tell you that fair-haired man is a rod of iron painted like a reed!" One is at once reminded of Bismarck's reputed description of Lord Salisbury, "a reed painted to look like iron." I think Bismarck was an industrious reader of sensational tales like Gaboriau's, and one is tempted to suspect he may have borrowed his famous mot from the Frenchman, as Napoleon borrowed from Voltaire. Can any one say, from a comparison of dates, whether this is so?—D.W.

THE EGG.—What is the allusion in these two sentences on the same page (*sub finem*) of Kipling's story "They" in "Traffic and Discoveries"? "Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself;" and further on, "Again she traced the outline of the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see."—G.S. (Aberdeen).

NICEAN BARKS.—In Edgar Poe's lines—

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nician barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

What is meant by the word "Nician"? To what story or what place does he refer?—E.M. (Brighton).

MILL ON AMERICANS.—Mill, in the earlier editions of his "Political Economy" says of the Americans that one sex is entirely devoted to dollar-hunting and the other to breeding dollar-hunters. The sentence does not appear in later editions; at least, it is not in the "People's Edition" of Longmans, Green & Co. Can any reader of THE ACADEMY explain why?—X.

"THERE ARE SOME THINGS A FELLOW CAN'T DO, YOU KNOW."—This is said by the reprobate Lord Welter, in Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe." A ruined man, he refuses half a million of money rather than wrong his friend, Charles Ravenshoe, who would receive that handsome legacy were it discovered that he is alive. This is a dramatic instance of the use of the now well-known phrase. Is it the first?—Ottis.

AUTHOR WANTED.—In an article on "Eastern and Western Ideas of Happiness" in the "Speaker" of November 19 occurs the sentence: "Our real and instinctive desire is not for that content surpassing wealth the sage in meditation found." Can any one tell me whence this quotation is derived?—M.A.C.

GENERAL.

* ROLAND OF BERLIN.—Is this term a myth or mere historical distortion? Roland, Count of Mans, a reputed nephew of Charlemagne, died at Roncovalles in 778 A.D. and his reputation in Germany has supplanted that of Hercules or Mercury, so that the statues once called "Irmensäule" are now named "Rolandsäule," notably in Bremen. This paladin hero has been resurrected to name the Rolandsack Tower on the Rhine; but what has this to do with Berlin?—A. Hall.

IRISHISM OR GOOD ENGLISH.—"I wonder will there ever be a 'boom' in first editions of Moore's works!" Late, using a construction like the above (which appeared in THE ACADEMY of July 2) an English friend seemed puzzled to know what I meant, and finally decided it was another "Irishism." An Englishman, he explained, would say, "I wonder if there ever will be," &c. Was he right?—R.O.F.

THE NEW PHRENOLOGY: WANTED, A DEFINITION.—Under this heading a well-known writer calls insanity a disturbance of [the] entire brain. What disturbance? Query as to location or substance; an easy disturbance is a dislocation of the two hemispheres. What author has treated on the "New Phrenology"?—A.H.

AN E O TABLE AND A PETTIFOGGER.—"A man who had been taken at an E O table at Guilford, and a pettifogger in the law, were brought before Alderman Woolridge at Guildhall. . . ." ("Annual Register," 1788). Can any one explain what an E O table is, and the term "pettifogger"?—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

Answers

LITERATURE.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.—This patriotic appeal was dated on the occasion of the first meeting of Parliament after the French coup d'état of December 2, 1851, when Prince Louis Napoleon, having won over the French army, had by violence overthrown all opposition (the streets of Paris ran with the blood of helpless people who had been slaughtered), and proclaimed himself Prince President. Having arrested, imprisoned, banished, or shot his principal enemies, he demanded from the people a Presidency for ten years, a Ministry responsible to the executive power—himself alone—and two political Chambers, to be elected by universal suffrage. Backed up by the army, he of course obtained all he asked for. The Bonapartist Empire was restored, the President became Emperor, and Prince Louis Napoleon became Napoleon the Third. The dominant characteristic of the Napoleonic principle was its hostility to England, and of course the English could not but view this restoration with alarm. Fears of a French invasion of England caused a wave of patriotism to sweep over the country, and resulted in the Volunteer movement and reorganisation of the Militia.—C.R.W.

[Replies also received from M.A.C. (Cambridge) and S.C. (Hove).]

* DIVINA COMMEDIA.—Dante called his poem simply the "Commedia." The reason seems to have been to distinguish it, on account of its matter and style, from such a poem as the "Æneid," which Dante calls *Alta Tragedia*. There are, of course, in the "D. C." passages where the matter is anything but lofty, and where the style is in accordance. But also we must see in the title a certain modesty on the part of Dante before his acknowledged master, Virgil. Some commentators, taking as the connotation of "Comedy" a happy dénouement, have seen the reason for the title in the fact that the poem ends in the divine glory of Paradise. But there

is no other example in Dante's time of the word used in such a sense.—O (Glasgow).

[Replies also received from T. Jones (Oldham); S.C. (Hove); Mrs. Herbert Jenner; and K.H.]

URSA GYPSY. INGLE.—In "The Alchemist," iv. 4, Subtle thus addresses Surly:

I do not like the dulness of your eye;
It has a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch.

The terms "upsey English" and "upsey Dutch" are found in Beaumont and Fletcher, and the term "upsee Fressie" in John Taylor. The prefix "upsee" represents the Dutch "op-syn"—"in the manner of"; thus "upsee gipsy" signifies "in the gipsy manner" or "gipsy fashion." This application of the prefix by Mrs. Behn recalls the fact that her connection with the Dutch was close. She was the wife of a Dutch merchant in London; she was employed on a political mission in the Netherlands, where she received a proposal of marriage from a Dutchman, and discovered the plan of the Dutch to enter the Thames; and, it may be added, after her return to England she produced a comedy entitled "The Dutch Lover" (1675). The word "incle" applied not only to tape, but also to a kind of worsted used in crewel work, and was, I apprehend, employed by Mrs. Behn in the latter sense, since it is more probable that a lady in 1681 should seek to pass her time in crewel work than in weaving "an inferior kind of tape." The same word was employed by Steele as the significant name of the contemptible Thomas Inkle in the pathetic narrative in "The Spectator," upon which was founded the once well-known play of "Inkle and Yarico."—George Newall.

HEPSEY GIPSEY.—Ottis speaks of a little book "Hepsey Gipsy" as being by Mrs. Molesworth. May I point out that it is by Mrs. L. T. Meade?—M.M.

* "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."—Surely Francesco is referring to Paolo's eyes, in which she can scarcely distinguish the blue from the green! In southern countries the latter colour is considered a beauty in eyes. Longfellow speaks of this in "The Spanish Student," where he makes one of the characters refer to "that faint shade of green, which one sometimes sees in evening skies." (N.B.—The comparison is with a woman's eyes.) Tennyson also places the two colours together, as mingling with each other, "where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue played into green," showing how difficult it is often to mark the spot where the one colour ends and the other begins.—M.S.

GENERAL.

NURSEY JINGLE.—I am quite at a loss to quote the author of the jingle mentioned; but in the days of my youth the version my nurse used to sing to me was:

Once on a time,
When pigs were swine,
And monkeys chewed tobacco;
Old women took snuff,
To make themselves tough,
And that's the end of the matter—oh!

—H.J. (Lewes).

EATING HUMBLE PIE.—Servants and retainers were formerly given pies made of the entrails of the animals killed by their masters. The obsolete French word *ombles*, meaning entrails, gave rise to the expression "eating humble or umble pie," and it came to be used of any one who humiliated himself, or took a back seat. The word *umbles* used to mean the entrails of deer only.—W. L. Harle.

CHRYSIPPUS.—He is repeatedly mentioned in the "Discourses" of Epictetus; Cicero's philosophical works are full of him; Horace jests at him as the typical Stoic. He was the great systematiser of the Stoic philosophy and a subtle logician. He is said to have written 705 works. Much of his writing was obscure, and all of it from the nature of his subject, was so doubt hard to understand. But Epictetus is not so much concerned here with the difficulty of Chrysippus. He is pointing out how vain is a minute knowledge of text-books without some resultant effect on conduct. "It remains to use the teaching: this itself is the only thing to be proud of."—H.C.P.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain the publication at the following booksellers. Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

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THIS column was started in the hope that it would provide a stimulus to young readers to study English history and literature with intelligence and interest. We regret to announce that it has apparently failed to achieve its object and will therefore be discontinued.

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